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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A MISTAKEN PROPHET

L'Action Française, the organ of the militant monarchists and monarchist militarists of France, quotes with glee the following paragraphs written by Victor Hugo to serve as an introduction to a guide of Paris issued in connection with the Exposition of 1867: —

In the twentieth century there will be a wonderful nation. This nation will be great, but that will not prevent it from being free. It will be illustrious, rich, intelligent, and pacific in its attitude to the rest of mankind. It will have the benignant dignity of mature age. It will recall with wonder our admiration for great projectiles; it will have difficulty in detecting the difference between a general and a butcher. . . . A battle between Italians and Germans, between English and Russians, between Prussians and French, will seem to its people as a battle between the men of Picardy and the men of Burgundy would seem to us. Its citizens will shrug their shoulders at the mention of war, the way we shrug our shoulders at the mention of the Holy Inquisition. They will regard the battle field of Sadowa much as we regard the *Quemadero* [where heretics were burned] of Seville. . . . This nation will be so densely ignorant as not to know that cannon weighing twenty-three tons were forged in 1866. Other beauties and glories of our age will have vanished into oblivion. For example, the people of that day will not know what such budgets as those of France at present are like — budgets that annually draw from the people a pyramid of gold six feet square at its base and thirty feet high.

The capital of this nation will be Paris, but the nation itself will not be called France. It will be called Europe. The Europe of the twentieth century and the centuries to follow will undergo even greater changes, and will be called Humanity.

After quoting this, Léon Daudet comments: —

Observe that this ravishing morsel dates from 1867; that it was to be put in its proper place by the events of 1870, three years later; but that this democratic-romantic insanity did not reach a climax until after 1871. Between that date and 1914, Hugo, Michelet, and Renan were actually deified. . . . And on the eve of the war of 1914, Paul Hervieu, a member of the Academy, paraphrased this prophecy by Hugo before the General Students Association. He declared that the era of great wars was over and that universal democracy was about to bring us universal happiness.

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A CHURCHMAN'S VIEW OF EUROPE

THE Bishop of Lichfield prefaces an article upon European conditions in the *Sunday Times* with the statement that 'no apology is needed for an attempt to consider the bearing of Christian principles on international prob-

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lems. . . . We are not dealing with mere questions of party politics: with such matters the Church has no concern. It is a question of saving our civilization, and to many of us the alternative appears to be — Christ or Chaos.'

He approves Mr. Arthur Henderson's appeal for an Industrial Parliament, in the belief that the substitution of conciliation and compromise for force in domestic controversies is imperative, 'if economic life is ever to be pervaded by a powerful social motive'; and he endorses a public letter by Lord Robert Cecil, who dwells upon the fact that the 'equally idiotic' reactionary and revolutionary are one in their advocacy of violence. Militarism and revolution are merely the opposite sides of the same medal. 'If men are to be free, they must be in the main governed by spiritual and not by material forces.'

The Bishop then 'makes bold to ask' whether the pact between Germany and Russia 'is so terrible a phenomenon.' It will have that character if it portends a military alliance; but he suggests that such an outcome, if it occurs, will be the fault of the mistaken policies of the rest of Europe. 'Russia should be welcomed within Europe's borders. The difficulties are obvious. It may be said that Germany is unrepentant and that the German is still a militarist at heart; but is ostracism likely to bring Germany to repentance? Shall we not simply play into the hands of the Junker by a policy of perpetual repression?'

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HOW THE KAISER ABDICATED

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALFRED NIEMANN, whose memoirs we have previously quoted in the *Living Age*, describes the extraordinarily dramatic interview in which the Kaiser was virtually notified by his own army leaders that he must abdicate. A few days before, Ludendorff had resigned, and Hindenburg was prevented from doing so only by the Kaiser's urgent entreaties. Describing that interview immediately after it occurred, the Kaiser said: —

> I impressed upon the Field-Marshal that he was the Palladium of the German people, and must not fail his Fatherland in their hour of bitterest need. That did the business. The Field-Marshal, after a violent inner struggle, consented.

Conditions behind the front and in the army were rapidly growing worse. The bridges across the Rhine were in the possession of 'mutineers,' who had cut off the army at the front from provisions and supplies. The Kaiser had recently taken up his residence at Villa Freaneuse at Spa. The day the fateful interview occurred,

> the Kaiser had already dressed for his morning walk. His expression was deeply serious, but revealed no nervous agitation. We stepped out of the vestibule into the grounds. The sentry at the entrance presented arms with faultless precision. The Kaiser nodded kindly to the man.

They were speedily recalled by the message that several army officers wished to speak to the monarch. Field-Marshal Hindenburg, General Gröner, — Ludendorff's successor, — and commanding officers from different sections of the front, were present. The Kaiser glanced at Hindenburg.

> That officer requested, in a broken and subdued voice, that the Kaiser excuse him from speaking, and permit General Gröner to explain the situation. It was impossible for him, the Field-Marshal, to tell his King what must be said. The haggard face of the Kaiser turned a shade whiter. He walked diagonally across the room to the fireplace, where a few sticks of wood were smouldering, and leaned back against it with a shiver, as if from the morning chill. A dumb

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nod and slight movement of his right hand indicated that General Gröner was to speak.

General Gröner presented a frank picture of the situation, and, during the discussion that ensued, insisted that force must not be used to restore discipline: 'The army is so unreliable that the order to fight against the people at home [that is, the revolution] would lead to bloody carnage within our own ranks.' The Kaiser agreed. Finally the General Quartermaster came to the point of his whole communication: —

'The army will march home in peace and order under its own generals, but not under the command of Your Majesty!'

The Kaiser's eyes flashed with anger. He drew up to his full height. Taking two or three steps toward General Gröner, he said in a sharp, vibrant voice: —

'Excellency, I demand that statement from you in writing. I must have it set down in black and white and signed by all the commanding generals, that the army no longer is under the command of its Supreme War Lord.'

Hindenburg interposed, to smooth over the situation. After the reports that had reached them, both from back in Germany and from the front, neither he nor General Gröner could assume responsibility for the loyalty of the army.

The Kaiser's countenance assumed a strained, fixed look. During all the inner struggles of the last few days . . . a firm, proud faith in the loyalty of the men who wore his uniform had been his anchor of hope. So that, too, was an illusion, a chimera?

At that moment an urgent message came, calling him immediately to the telephone, where Prince Max reported that Berlin was on the eve of open revolt, and the soldiers were making common cause with the people. It was but a few rapid steps from this announcement to the final act of abdication.

THE SUDAN

We have previously referred to the new issue that has arisen between Egypt and Great Britain over the control of the Sudan, and have pointed out that the former country desires to develop that territory, while Egyptian landowners view with a jealous eye irrigation projects along the Upper Nile likely to curtail their own water supply. Of course, the economic issue is not the only one involved. There is also an historical factor and the question of national prestige.

As a result of this controversy, which is by no means settled and seems likely to precipitate a cabinet crisis in the new kingdom, Egypt finds herself in a situation with respect to the Sudan quite parallel with the recent situation of Egypt with respect to Great Britain. The Sudanese do not intend to submit to Egyptian rule. They prefer a British protectorate, which is certain to be more favorable to their immediate economic interest, and does less violence to their sentiment of national dignity than the suzerainty of Cairo. The Sudanese have always been inclined rather to look down upon the Egyptians as a less warlike and an effeminate race. So there is a prospect that the Anglo-Egyptian controversy will be succeeded by an Anglo-Egyptian-Sudanese controversy, concerning the eventual outcome of which there can be little doubt.

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A NEW UNION IN THE PRIESTHOOD

Unionism is becoming such a familiar phenomenon in every field of service, that it is not surprising, perhaps, that the movement should have spread to the clergy. *L'Éclair* reports a new organization called the *Solidarité Sacerdotale*, enrolling priests who wish to marry. Its president is a young ecclesi-

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astic, Abbé Audrot, who recently married before his parishioners. Naturally he was compelled to relinquish his sacred functions, though he still retains the right to wear priestly garb. The leaders of the new organization insist that they are not asking for an unprecedented privilege. 'In the Orient, celibacy is not imposed upon priests, nearly all of whom are married. Many have large families. Bear in mind that, up to the Lateran Council, priests had the right to marry. The rule that imposes celibacy upon us is not based upon dogma, the Bible, or tradition; it is simply a disciplinary regulation.'

The journal quoted does not imagine that the new society will be a success, although it prints at some length the arguments advanced by its members. Catholicism, in its opinion, is too regardful of tradition to accustom itself easily to a married priesthood.

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GERMAN NAVAL HISTORY

GERMANY'S official naval history of the war is appearing, in volumes issued at fairly regular intervals, in Berlin. Her first notable submarine exploit, sinking the British cruisers Cressy, Hogue, and Aboukir, is described in the latest volume of this series.

Heavy weather compelled the three cruisers, which were on patrol duty off the Holland coast, to dispense with destroyer protection. At the same time the German submarine U-9 was ordered from Heligoland, on September 20, 1914, to interfere with the increased movement of British troops across the Channel toward Ostend. The submarine also was hampered by heavy seas. Two days later, her commander descried the masts of the three cruisers in the offing, and, hurriedly diving, approached for closer examination. As soon as the identity of the British vessels was established, they were attacked in succession. The attack itself is thus described in the war diary of Captain Lieutenant Weddingen, of the submarine: —

(1) 7.30 A.M. No. 2 tube; right ahead at the centre cruiser; range, 500 metres; estimated speed, 10 miles; angle of hitting, 90°; hit; after a few minutes the vessel rolled heavily and capsized, while we made ready for the attack upon the next cruiser.

(2) 7.55 A.M. Nos. 1 and 2 tubes at five seconds interval; right ahead at the easterly cruiser, which had come to the help of the torpedoed ship and was standing by with boats out. Ship practically stationary; aim varied for each torpedo by reason of the movement of the U-boat; range about 350 metres; angle of hitting estimated at 70°; two hits; ship rolled and sank unobserved, while preparations were made to attack the third cruiser.

(3) 8.20 A.M. Nos. 3 and 4 tubes; 180° at the last (westernmost) ship, which had stopped in the neighborhood and was also engaged in saving life. The ship was practically motionless; range, about 1000 metres; torpedoes fired at five seconds interval, but from the submarine one explosion only, though that a very violent one, was heard. Magazine? It seems not impossible that the second torpedo was exploded by the detonation of the first. The first result of the explosion was seen through the periscope in the formation of a huge smoke cloud. After about four minutes, I could distinctly see the ship was no longer on an even keel, but owing to her position could not see her hull; so, in order to make sure of results, I determined to fire my sixth and last torpedo at the motionless, torpedoed vessel.

(4) 8.35 A.M. No. 1 tube. Right ahead; range, 500 metres; hit. The first observation after the lapse of some five minutes showed the ship lying over with a list of 45°, and, as we could plainly see, she lay over on her side more and more until at the end of about 35 minutes she turned turtle and sank. The two other ships disappeared in like manner.

Weddingen counted at least five vessels hurrying to the scene, so he dived

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for twenty minutes, then rose to the surface and returned to his base, being unable to carry out his original mission of interfering with the transport of troops, because he had exhausted his torpedoes.

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RENT LAWS IN FRANCE

THE housing shortage in France, and particularly in Paris, is growing more acute with the lapse of time. Even before the war there was a permanent deficit of 25,000 tenements in Paris alone, which meant that nearly twice that number of families had to be satisfied with less than half a room per head. Paris landlords now calculate their rentals on a basis of 1000 francs per annum per room. Flats which, before the war, were let at from 2500 to 3000 francs a year now rent for from 7000 to 10,000 francs. But this does not mean much for the landlord, who has not yet recovered from the fantastic situation due to the rent regulations enforced during the war, when practically nobody was able to pay rents that would return a revenue upon the investment and this was recognized by legal enactments. Many thousands of people in Paris own only a single house, the rent from which is their chief, and in some cases their only, means of livelihood. These small owners found themselves reduced to penury, and in many instances were compelled to act as charwomen or handy men to their own tenants, in order to keep body and soul together. Subsequent increases were permitted, but were so inadequate as not entirely to relieve the situation. A new law has just gone into force, to stop eviction where the tenant is willing to accept a 40 per cent increase upon the present higher post-war rentals, plus a further annual sum to meet the growing charges for lighting, heating, and other conveniences.

A TELEPATH SPY

A FAMOUS mind-reader, Miecislaus Jagodzinski, who has an international reputation under the professional name, André Andreyé, and who before the war had toured all the principal European capitals and the Levant, and exhibited his powers before the Tsar, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the Sultan, has recently been on trial for his life at Leipzig, charged with treason and espionage. He is said to have sent secret reports from Germany, during the recent hostilities, to a foreign intelligence office at Copenhagen. The original charge was modified, however, when it was proved that the accused was influenced in his action mainly by political convictions; and he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. The accounts of the trial do not suggest that the prisoner had used his peculiar powers — which were testified to by specialists — in the service of Germany's enemies.

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HARD TIMES IN JAPAN

BUSINESS, which has already been depressed in Japan for the past two years, has recently taken a marked turn for the worse. The stock market has been disorganized by the failure of an important firm, hastened perhaps by the recent fighting in China and the continued excess of imports over exports. Osaka *Asahi*, a leading newspaper of Japan's great industrial centre, attributes the trouble largely to the mistaken policies of the Government. The *Herald of Asia* rather welcomes the crisis as likely to accelerate readjustment.

England and America have improved their trade balances, while ours is becoming constantly and alarmingly worse. Those countries have lowered their bank rate; we have been compelled to increase ours. They

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have succeeded in driving down the cost of commodities, and as a consequence they have been able to lower wages and to place their goods on the world-market at reasonable prices. In Japan, the decline in the cost of necessities is infinitesimal in comparison; and as a consequence our cost of production remains so high that our export trade is seriously hampered.

Telegrams from the Far East to British newspapers report that German goods are excluding the products of Japan's factories, even from that country's most firmly secure markets in Manchuria.

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GERMANS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ALTHOUGH the relations between the Czechs and the Germans in Czechoslovakia are by no means entirely satisfactory, the intransigence of the Germans toward the Republic is said to be moderating. Some German Agrarians and Social Democrats are working for an understanding with the Czechs, thus repudiating the policy of the German National Socialists and the Radical wing of the National Democrats, who continue to fight them bitterly.

Recently German has been made an obligatory study in Czech schools — a measure that has mollified many fault-finders. Czech scholars and writers, including F. X. Salda, a leading literary critic, are advocating closer ties with German scholarship, as essential to the cultural progress of Czechoslovakia. Of course, these evidences of a spirit of reconciliation have only embittered irreconcilables, among both the Czechs and the Germans, whose mutual hostility is quite as violent as ever; but nevertheless, the new spirit is most promising.

MINOR NOTES

THE *Manchester Guardian* publishes the plans of the British Marconi Company, to provide 'wireless telephones for all.' A central station is proposed, from which messages will be transmitted to all users of the Company's receivers. These instruments will be leased at about the price of ordinary telephones. According to this account, the Marconi people have been experimenting for a long time with wireless telephony, and are ready to make 'millions of foolproof instruments.' The managing director of the Company thinks the American boom rather premature and says that American 'equipment is primitive,' and 'not such as we should like to see employed here.' Apparently one fault in America is that the Marconi Company is not in full control. The new apparatus in Great Britain will be 'small and portable.' 'People possessing a set will be able to sit at home and listen to political speeches, plays, and concerts.' The only fly in the ointment seems to be the Government. 'The experts in this country say emphatically that scientifically we are able to do everything that is done in America and to do it on scientific lines; and that the only thing that holds up progress is government control.'

ACCORDING to a Moscow telegram, published in the London *Times*, a British trust has obtained the right to lease Moscow real estate and to place it in condition for improvement and development. The terms of these leases are 18 years for buildings requiring small repairs, 36 years for medium repairs, and 50 years for capital repairs and new buildings.

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WHY FRANCE HAS CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE

BY ERNEST LAVISSE

[*We publish below an extract from the ninth volume of* L'Histoire de France contemporaine, *by Professor Ernest Lavisse, of the University of Paris, who is one of the most distinguished living historians in Europe. This volume, which will be published shortly by A. J. Chette, concludes the text of the work in question. The passages below introduce the final section of the volume.*]

From *La Revue de Paris, May* 15
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

WE have now reached the close of that period of our national history which begins with the French Revolution and ends with the war that destroyed a part of our recent civilization, and seriously shattered the remainder. Naturally, therefore, we cannot refrain from asking ourselves: What will be the future of France? Since, however, this future is associated with the whole future of civilized mankind, it is beyond our power to answer; for who dares predict to-day whither mankind is tending? The most we can do is to say that anything is possible.

No group of men, no matter how able and eminent, could compile with confidence a list of these possibilities. For that reason, the nations of Europe are in a state of nervous inhibition, or apathetic fatalism, or, perhaps, hopeless pessimism. It would seem that France is the country that faces what is coming with the most equanimity. Foreigners praise her calmness and her patience; and indeed she does discover, in nature and in history, solid grounds for confidence and hope. I propose to discuss these in this final portion of my history.

In the first place, our land is blessed by Nature. Nearly two thousand years ago, the Greek geographer, Strabo, thus sketched the general features of the country of the Gauls: —

This land is watered by rivers flowing from the Alps, the Cévennes, and the Pyrenees, some of which empty into the ocean, and others into the Mediterranean. For the most part, they traverse level country, with a gradual fall that renders their waters navigable. These rivers, moreover, are so happily situated with regard to each other, that one can transport merchandise easily from the sea to the ocean, with only a short and favorable portage across uninterrupted plains. For the most part, people follow the course of the rivers, whether traveling up stream or down.

A few pages farther on, Strabo speaks again of the perfect adaptation of the country, its rivers, and its encircling waters to human needs, adding: 'One might believe that this is due to providential design, rather than to chance.'

This precise description emphasizes one of the great blessings that Nature has bestowed upon us. Our territories, from north to south, and from east to west, though differing in character, — some lying high, some lying low; some enjoying a continental, and others an oceanic climate, — are all easily accessible to each other. This has resulted in the perfect unity of France.

While our climate varies in different regions, the transition from one climate to another is gradual, and all have a common equability. Our eastern neighbors in Germany and Italy, though living in the same latitudes as

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ourselves, have harsher winters and warmer summers than we do. Across the Atlantic, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the same latitude as the English Channel, is covered with ice for several months, and snow lies deep in America at Quebec and Montreal, at the same distance from the Equator as Nantes and Bordeaux. Warm ocean currents bathe all our coast with air still warmed by equatorial heat. Our prevailing winds are from the west, and carry these mild temperatures into the interior of the country. In summer, they bring us refreshing rain. Except along the Mediterranean, no part of France is subject to the droughts that regularly afflict Spain and Italy. At the same time, our climate varies sufficiently to encourage the cultivation of all the crops native to the Temperate Zone.

Therefore, our land is specially well suited for agriculture, and we have devoted ourselves loyally to that pursuit. No matter how our manufactures may flourish, our principal wealth comes from the soil. We are a nation of cultivators and graziers. With thrifty foresight we can feed ourselves with the bread of our own fields, and quench our thirst with the wine of our own vineyards. Unquestionably, this is the most important of our natural advantages.

In short, our land is characterized by variety in unity. Nature, with us, is never monotonous; she is ever varied, with a thousand colors and nuances; but she presents no violent contrasts. In describing our physical geography, we naturally recur to the words moderate, temperate, mild, harmonious, well-balanced. Now the same words serve to define the French temperament. This perfect accord between mind and matter is an important force in our history.

Consider, next, the part of Europe where our country lies. The continent is divided into two great historic regions: the Mediterranean Basin, and the North Oceanic Plain. The Mediterranean Basin was the cradle of European history. Civilizations rose, attained their prime, and declined, on the borders of that sea, while the North Oceanic Plain was still wrapped in the darkness of barbarism. But when the North finally emerged into the light of history, its soil, its climate, its natural constitution, gave it a character very different from that of the older region to the southward. How could the two learn to understand and coöperate with each other? They met in our country, the only land that belonged simultaneously to the Mediterranean Basin and the North Oceanic Plain. Here two historical temperaments came together and were fused. One great rôle of France in history has been to mediate.

Last of all, France is both a maritime and a continental country. Two of her frontiers are magnificent coasts, inviting her people to far-flung adventure and life upon the sea.

Our nation is compounded of many stocks. Great migrations, coming from the east and north and marching toward the southwest, have left their successive traces in our blood. We know only the later of these migrant stocks, among whom the chief were the Celts and the Germans. Their predecessors of still remoter date are unenumerated and unknown. On the other hand, our southern and northern coasts have attracted settlement from beyond the seas. The Mediterranean brought to our shores the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Latins, and, last of all, the Arabs; Great Britain sent her Bretons to our Armorica; and Scandinavia peopled with Normans the lower valley of the Seine. So France has become, so to speak, an ethnograph-

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ical synthesis of Europe. The blood of all civilized mankind courses through our veins.

In the course of her long history, France has seen many critical days. Often she has been nigh unto death. Let me cite but two examples: the darkest days of the Hundred Years' War, and the civil wars of the sixteenth century.

A citizen of Paris, who wrote early in the reign of Charles VII, narrates that the famished Parisians were besieging the doors of the bakeries; little children were crying, 'I am hungry, I am hungry'; no one had food or fuel; people were living on cabbage stalks and uncooked plants, without bread or salt. Similar conditions prevailed throughout France. Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, wrote: —

> I have seen with my own eyes the fields of Champagne, of Brive, of Gâtinais, and of the other provinces and departments of France, from the Seine to Amiens . . . and all the country as far as Laon and beyond, in the direction of Hainaut, horrible to look at, stripped of their cultivators, overgrown with weeds and thistles.

And the Bishop of Beauvais wrote to Charles VII: —

> Alas, sire! Cast your eyes on your other towns and dominions, on Toulouse and Languedoc! Everywhere is destruction, and desolation, and the end of all things!

But, as soon as peace was concluded, the peasants, who had taken refuge in the strong castles of their landlords and in the cities, returned to the fields. They were rejoiced 'to see again the forests, the meadows, the verdant pastures; to watch again the rivers winding toward the sea.' Not only did they sow again their former fields, but they cleared away the forests and opened new lands, so that the area under cultivation in the kingdom increased one third. Artisans returned to their workbenches; commerce revived; the Lyon Fair drew visitors from distant countries. King Charles concluded commercial treaties, and opened relations with the Sultan of Egypt and the Sultan of Morocco. Our merchants traded from the farthest shores of the Baltic to the most distant coasts of the Mediterranean — to Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and Syria. A poet of the time celebrates this renaissance as follows: —

> Marchands gagnaient en toutes marchandises;
> Celliers, greniers étaient riches, et pleins,
> De vins, de blés, avoines et bons grains.

The throne of France recovered its old prestige and honor, even before our territory was wholly freed from the English invaders. Charles VII sent forces into Alsace; he led his armies into Lorraine. He reasserted the claims of the ancient kings of France to the left bank of the Rhine. Thus, a sovereign who was despised and weak when he ascended the throne became the mightiest monarch of Europe. When the Doge of Venice received his ambassadors, he said: 'The King of France is a king of kings, and none may act without him.'

A century and a half elapsed. Henri IV ascended the throne in 1589. Like Charles VII, he was a king without a kingdom. 'He is very poor. His cupboard is empty.' He dined with this person and with that person, and complained that his garments were in disrepair. He was forced to fight, at the same time, three fourths of his own subjects, who refused to recognize his authority, and the Spaniards, who sought to subjugate France. His courage and skill enabled him to defeat his enemies. In 1598, he forced the Spaniards to make peace, and by the Edict of Nantes he accorded the Protestants liberty of conscience. Thus a foreign and a civil war were brought to a close. This

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period of disorder had endured forty years, and reduced France again to the deplorable condition in which she was after her hundred years of fighting with the English.

A foreign ambassador wrote: 'There is not a noble family in France of which the father or the son has not been killed, or wounded, or imprisoned.' More than five thousand castles were destroyed, and the common people suffered equally. Nine cities had been left in ruins; more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand houses had been burned; and seven hundred thousand men had been killed. A royal proclamation stated that nearly every village and hamlet along the frontier was 'a desert.' Famished wolves ravaged the country. Tradesmen had dropped their tools. Of six hundred cloth-looms in Provence, but four were left. At Tours, where the silk industry had employed eight hundred master artisans and more than six hundred journeymen, but two hundred master artisans and no journeymen remained. Similar conditions prevailed throughout the kingdom. The towns were filled with beggars, peasant refugees, and unemployed artisans. At Paris, these poor people gathered in the cemeteries, and slept upon the tombs. On March 4, 1596, the police counted 7769 thus encamped in the Cemetery of the Innocents alone.

In describing the horrors of his day, Étienne Pasquier said that a man who had slept during these forty years of warfare and awakened at their conclusion would not have imagined that he saw France, but rather 'a corpse of France.'

But the corpse revived. The peasants returned to the plough. Sully, who loved them best of all the King's subjects, aided them so far as was in his power. He said: 'France draws her nourishment from her sown fields and her pastures. They are her true mines and treasures of Peru.'

Again the artisans returned to the workbench. Industries recovered. Even the production of luxuries was resumed. Henri IV, who not long since had bewailed his ragged garb, was sumptuously attired in the silks of France. Neglected highways were repaired. Ruined bridges were rebuilt. River navigation took on new life. Commercial treaties were concluded with other countries. The Sultan granted anew their old privileges to our merchants trading within his dominions, and recognized France as the protector of the Holy Places. More than one thousand French ships were engaged in trade with the Levant. Our countrymen settled in America, and founded Quebec in what they called 'New France.'

Our remarkable revival was the astonishment of foreigners. Just Zinzerlin, who wrote a sort of traveler's guide for France, observed that wine was abundant in the South. 'The city of Bordeaux alone ships annually one hundred thousand casks.' He admired on every hand the fat meadows, where sleek cattle grazed. He wondered at the abundance of poultry, and wrote: 'It is fortunate that they do not eat as many capons, pullets, and fowls in other countries as they do in France, for, if they did, these birds would become extinct.' Even the provinces that suffered the most during the wars recovered their prosperity. Picardy, which had been left a mass of ruins, soon became 'the granary of Paris.'

Coming down to our own days, a foreigner and an enemy, the ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Von Bülow, wrote in his book, *German Policy*, that France possesses an unshaken faith in the indestructibility of her vital resources, and says that this faith is founded on her past history.

No nation has ever repaired as rapidly as the French the consequences of a national

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catastrophe. No other nation has exhibited equal elasticity, self-confidence, and enterprise, after disappointments and defeats that seemed crushing. More than once, Europe fancied that France had ceased to be a danger; but in each case the nation soon recovered its pristine vigor, and was even stronger than before. . . . Her defeat in 1870 was a more serious blow than any that had previously befallen her, but it has not crushed her strength, and on some future occasion her people may again demonstrate their marvelous recuperative power.

Another consideration of quite a different kind should strengthen our confidence in the future. After many revolutions and political overturns, we have at last developed a form of government that we are entitled to consider final. The history of our different régimes since 1789 proves how toilsome and painful a labor it was to create our Republic. In 1789 the very word savored of danger and caused a thrill of fear. On the eve of the Revolution, Camille Desmoulins said that there were not more than a dozen Republicans in France. Neither Robespierre nor Marat was among that number. They did not become Republicans until after the King fled to Varennes. It is true that the 'Republic one and indivisible' was proclaimed on September 25, 1792, and that the Republic was loved and almost worshiped; but this is because it was identified with our country.

The masses of the people speedily forgot the Bourbons; but they still cherished the Monarchist sentiments bequeathed them by countless generations of ancestors. That is why Napoleon was able to set up an Empire. When that Empire crumbled, the word 'Republic' was shouted by a few, but it awakened no response. The Bourbons came back. The Constitution granted by Louis XVIII was a compromise between the old system and the new. Charles X violated that constitution, to set up again the doctrine of Divine Right — a doctrine speedily defeated in the battle of the 'three glorious days.' That Monarchist dogma survived, like a profession of faith, among a few families here and there, and was kept alive by their intercourse with the grandson of Charles X, the Comte de Chambord. Then it gradually died out. Chateaubriand declared in his last speech in the Chamber of Peers: 'The worship of a name has been abolished.' The monarchy might linger on, but only as a moribund institution.

In 1830 men talked of a republic much more than in 1814. The students and workingmen who fought the battles of July wished a republic; but their leaders believed the country was not ripe for that form of government. Yet many distinguished men were sympathetic with the idea. Lafayette said, 'I am a Republican.' The Duke of Orléans said, 'I am a Republican.' But Lafayette believed that the Duke of Orléans would make the best president of a republic, and the Duke shared this opinion. Eventually he became King Louis-Philippe, and France entered a new stage of political evolution.

This time the Constitution was not granted by the King, as it had been by Louis XVIII, but it was imposed upon him. The King no longer ruled 'by the grace of God,' but by the will of the people. All the pomp and majesty that surrounds a monarch disappeared. Perhaps it vanished too completely. The prestige of the royal person and of royalty itself were thereby lowered. People asked: Is this merely another provisional affair? Are we on the road to a government of the people by the people? No.

Louis-Philippe was not an innovator; he was no friend of political and social progress. Those words sounded un-

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pleasant to his ears. All he saw in the tumult of thought and passion that had agitated France ever since the great Revolution was an outpouring of the spirit of disorder, a revolt of the old anarchy, which has existed throughout the ages, and which governments are created to combat. Moreover, he was a man of arbitrary disposition, who had great confidence in himself. He did not accept the celebrated definition of parliamentary government, where 'the King rules and does not govern.' He intended to govern. After many trials and struggles, he established a personal régime, with the aid of M. Guizot, and thought that all was well. This Government set great weight on its 'legality' — a cold and sterile attribute.

Some people clamored for an extension of the suffrage. What they asked was very little. The men at the head of the movement had no thought of starting a revolution. They even countermanded a demonstration that might cause public disorder. The Government refused every concession. Guizot chided the advocates as 'itching for innovations.' The campaign seemed to be squelched. The King was not worried in the slightest. But on February 23, 1848, a trifling incident occurred in the Boulevard des Capucines, and the burial of the victims set all Paris on fire. Barricades rose as if by magic, and twenty-four hours later the King was a fugitive. Not a person, either at Paris or in the provinces, protested.

The nation was bewildered. For the average Frenchman, a Republican was synonymous with a Jacobin, that is to say, with a murderer, a terrorist, a spoilsman seeking to confiscate private property, a common robber. None the less, the nation gave the Republic a good reception. Orators and writers eulogized it. It was represented as the incarnation of liberty, equality, fraternity, as the emancipator of the oppressed people. Again men sang the *Marseillaise*. They planted liberty trees, which the priests blessed. We had one example more, among many, of our promptness to embrace a generous illusion!

But soon the country showed signs of unrest. Could it have been otherwise? Almost overnight universal suffrage was introduced. We had nine million voters in place of two hundred thousand. At a stroke, the people were granted liberty of the press, freedom of speech and assemblage, and the right to form labor organizations. Here again we have an illustration of our national proneness to believe that social systems can be reformed by words and formulas. We soon discovered that we had made a leap in the dark. Revenues fell off; money took to cover; commerce and manufacturing stagnated; the insurrection of June occurred, and was suppressed in a sea of blood. War and proscription decimated the Republican Party and bled it white. The Monarchists renewed their activity. But what did the nation think? On the tenth of December, 1848, it elected Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte President of the Republic by more than five million votes. This was a sentimental election, a popular protest against Waterloo and Saint Helena. We acclaimed a glory of which we had been bereaved for many years. Millions of new voters, who had exercised no political rights since Brumaire, were incapable of independent political thought.

In 1849 the Legislative Assembly succeeded the Constitutional Convention. The election showed a heavy majority for the Monarchists; so the country repudiated the Republic. The Monarchists could not agree upon the choice of a king. Thereupon Louis-Napoleon made the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, and the following

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year reëstablished the Empire. Nearly eight million voters approved the former act, and an even larger number endorsed the Empire. This overwhelming victory proved the popularity of Napoleon's name. But it also meant that France was wearied of constant agitation and longed for repose. Her people did not feel able to govern themselves. They did not wish to take the trouble to do so. So, again, the Republic was postponed.

After the disaster of 1870, the Republic came back. The men who voted the following year did not vote for a form of government: they voted for peace; but a majority of the members elected were Monarchists, and it seemed that a republic had been repudiated again. But the majority could not agree upon a candidate for a king. The Comte de Chambord refused to become a constitutional king. He wanted to be a king without conditions. So a republic was the only alternative. To be sure, the Monarchists did not renounce their hopes. They regarded the new government as only provisional. The word republic was written into the Constitution by a majority of a single vote. While waiting for something better, the Conservatives accepted that form of government, without endorsing the party that supported it.

Since then the voters have become Republicans, because the Republic has come to signify in their eyes an end to wars and revolutions; because it is a democratic form of government, which seeks social justice. Since 1871, the proportion of Republican representatives in Parliament has constantly increased. In 1914, the Monarchist Opposition practically disappeared as a Parliamentary group.

Let me recapitulate: From 1800 to 1814, the Parliamentary régime; from 1814 to 1830 — except for the Hundred Days — a Divine-Right Kingdom; from 1830 to 1848, a Constitutional Kingdom; from 1852 to 1870, the Second Empire, which endured longer than any preceding form of government. Since then, we have had a Republic for more than half a century.

It remains to be said that a Republican government is never a perfectly harmonious government. A republic must be extremely tolerant. We are told that liberty of the press and of assemblage, that the free right to protest and demonstrate against the acts of the government, are fertile seedbeds of trouble. But I fancy that no one of us expects to live an absolutely untroubled life. Liberty has this beneficent quality: popular passions wear themselves out, so to speak, in experiments. The leaders of the most violent factions are sobered by sharing the responsibilities of the government. They are flattered by the honors of office. Public debates are better than secret conventicles, where men conspire to do violent deeds. Imprudent speakers and writers involuntarily disclose the hidden purposes that animate them. They enlighten public opinion, which is, after all, the supreme and final judge.

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A TRAGIC 'SCOOP'

THE PREMATURE MOBILIZATION REPORT IN GERMANY

BY ALFRED VON WEGGER

[*This statement of the German side of the controversy over mobilization, in* 1914, *is a reply to a much longer article by Richard Grelling, the German author of* 'J'accuse,' *published in the March number of* Revue de Paris. *A few purely polemical passages have been omitted in the translation.*]

From *Die Grenzboten, May* 6
(Berlin Junker Political and Literary Weekly)

We now know that the Russian general mobilization was finally decided upon by the Tsar at noon, July 30, 1914, and was immediately put into effect. This measure was adopted for both political and military reasons, on the recommendation of Sazonov, Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the hour in question not a single soldier had been called to the colors, nor a single horse drafted for army use, under general mobilization orders in Germany.

However, on the forenoon of July 30, the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger* staff prepared copy for an extra edition, because its members felt sure that German mobilization might be ordered at any moment. The city editor, in an excess of zeal and without the consent of either the managing editor or the editor-in-chief, ordered an edition of two thousand of this extra to be printed. The business office had expressly directed that the press copy for the extra be merely held in readiness; that it should not be printed, much less issued to the public. These two thousand copies were given to an employee to keep until needed. The latter misunderstood his instructions and put them into circulation. In this way most of the two thousand copies got on the streets. The error was at once detected, and the Wolff Telegraph Bureau and the Hirsch Telegraph Bureau were immediately notified by telephone.

The wording of the extra was as follows: —

EXTRA EDITION

Berliner Lokal Anzeiger

Thursday, July 30, 1914

MOBILIZATION IN GERMANY

The decision, which the reports of the last few hours compelled us to expect, has been made. We learn that Kaiser Wilhelm has just ordered the immediate mobilization of the German army and navy.

Germany's action is the imperative reply that she is forced to make to Russia's threatening military preparations, which, under the prevailing conditions, are directed against ourselves no less than against our ally, Austria-Hungary.

That an extra edition announcing the mobilization had been prepared in the editorial office of the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger* will not seem strange to any newspaper man. Nor was the premature publication of an erroneous dispatch a remarkable rarity; at least for the *Lokal Anzeiger*, which on an earlier occasion published an immense edition

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prematurely announcing the death of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

It would be interesting to know just how the Russian Embassy first learned of this extra.

Counselor Krause, who was attached to the *Lokal Anzeiger*, testified on December 11, 1914, that he left the editorial office of that paper at about 1.30 P.M. on the afternoon of July 30, and hastened directly to the Counselor of the Russian Embassy, Excellence von Bronevski, to report the incident to him. While Counselor Krause was discussing the matter with Excellence von Bronevski, in a room on the ground floor of the Russian Embassy, the extra edition was being sold on Unter den Linden. Mr. Krause at once notified Mr. von Bronevski that this extra had got out of the office by mistake; that he had just come from the editorial office of the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger;* and that up to the time of his departure nothing definite regarding mobilization was known.

Mr. Krause returned at once to the editorial office, in order to learn more about the matter. Some twenty minutes after leaving the Russian Embassy, he communicated all the facts of the case to Mr. von Bronevski, stating that, in view of the bare possibility that a mobilization might be ordered, the *Lokal Anzeiger*, in its eagerness to beat its rivals with this news, had printed a few hundred copies as of that date, with the mobilization report. These had been deposited at the editorial office, but had not been guarded with sufficient care. The circulation manager had misunderstood his orders and delivered these extras to the sellers, and thus raised a fearful row.

It is evident, therefore, that the Counselor of the Russian Embassy, Excellence von Bronevski, had reason to doubt the accuracy of the report from the moment that the extra edition of the *Lokal Anzeiger* came to his notice, and that he unquestionably did doubt its accuracy; and in the second place, that between two o'clock and half-past two he received a positive confirmation that a mistake had been made, from the *Lokal Anzeiger* itself, which was responsible for the blunder.

This false report was communicated by the Russian ambassador in Germany to Sazonov, Foreign Minister, in a short telegram. According to the Russian Orange Book, this telegram read as follows: —

BERLIN, *July* 17 (30), 1914.

I learn that the order for the mobilization of the German army and fleet has just been issued.

SVERBEYEV.

Sverbeyev's telegram was filed at the head telegraph office in Berlin at 3.28 P.M. At 4.02 P.M. it was recorded for transmission to St. Petersburg, but was not actually dispatched until 6.00 P.M., on account of the congestion of Government business on the wires and temporary line-trouble. The ambassador's telegram is extraordinarily irresponsible, and exposes him to the serious reproach of officially repeating a newspaper report, the tremendous importance of which he must have fully realized, without taking the trouble to confirm it previously by a direct inquiry addressed to the proper official authority. Sverbeyev's conduct in this case was paralleled by the overprecipitation of his colleague, Schebeko, at Vienna, who telegraphed St. Petersburg on July 28 that Austria had mobilized, although that country's mobilization order was not actually issued until 11.30 A.M. on July 31. It has never been explained why Sverbeyev did not communicate with his Counselor, Excellence von Bronevski, before dispatching this telegram; and it is equally inexplicable why Bronevski did not at once notify Sverbeyev of the

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information he had received regarding the extra edition of the *Lokal Anzeiger*, and the reasonable doubt as to the accuracy of its announcement that must have risen in his mind, in view of the facts laid before him by Counselor Krause. To put the case in its mildest form, the Russian Embassy was so extremely negligent in this matter, that its responsibility is quite as heavy as that of the *Lokal Anzeiger*, for prematurely issuing its extra edition.

This is all there is to the 'mysterious intrigue,' which Sir Edward Grey first suggested in his famous speech of October 23, 1916; and the devilish device, which the Entente Leaders pretended that they discovered the extra edition of the *Lokal Anzeiger* to be, would never have deceived anybody if the Russian Embassy had done its plain duty, and asked for the facts from the German Foreign Office before sending its telegram.

Jagow, the Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, promptly notified Sverbeyev that the *Lokal Anzeiger* report was false. Whereupon Sverbeyev dispatched an uncoded telegram reading as follows: —

No. 12064. Minister of Foreign Affairs, St. Petersburg. Please cancel telegram No. 142. Explanations follow.

SVERBEYEV.

This telegram was filed by the Russian Embassy at 4.30 P.M. at Branch Post Office 64, and reached the Central Telegraph Office at 4.48 P.M. A third telegram, numbered 62 in the Russian Orange Book, was also filed at precisely the same moment, 4.48 P.M., at the Central Telegraph Office itself. It was worded as follows: —

The Foreign Minister has just telephoned me that the report that has got abroad to the effect that a general mobilizaton of the German army and navy has been ordered is false. The extra edition has been printed for use in an emergency and got upon the streets at 1 P.M. It has been recalled.

SVERBEYEV.

We know now that a general mobilization of the Russian army was to have been ordered as early as July 29, at the instance of the General Staff, which had the Tsar under its thumb. Then, after the receipt of the telegram from the German Kaiser, the order was changed to a partial mobilization, which in spite of the Tsar's wish was impracticable in the opinion of Yanuschkevich and Suchomlinov. Finally, on July 30, according to Dobrorolski not later than 2 P.M., according to Paleologue precisely at 4 P.M., the general mobilization order was actually issued. Consequently, we need not trouble ourselves to discuss whether Sverbeyev's irresponsible false report had any effect upon Russia's action. Dobrorolski states specifically: —

About one o'clock P.M. Yanuschkevich was called to the telephone by Sazonov, who said that the Tsar had decided, in view of the latest reports from Berlin, to order a general mobilization of the entire army and fleet.

Accordingly, the reports which induced the Tsar to order a general mobilization had reached him before 1 P.M. Even assuming that this is not an empty fiction, contrived to excuse the Tsar's irresolute attitude, such Berlin reports could not possibly have been Sverbeyev's telegram announcing the German general mobilization on the strength of the *Lokal Anzeiger* report, for this was several hours before that telegram could possibly have reached St. Petersburg.

Due stress should be laid upon Dobrorolski's important testimony. He has stated distinctly, in reply to an inquiry from a third party: 'The question of general mobilization was finally

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decided by the Tsar at Alexandria on July 17 (30), not later than 2 P.M.'

The Tsar, who must have known why he ordered a general mobilization, never mentioned the *Lokal Anzeiger* report. All that he has said upon this subject is summarized in his telegram to the Kaiser on July 31: 'It is technically impossible to halt the military preparations we have been compelled to make as a result of Austria-Hungary's mobilization.'

On the evening of July 30, and quite independently of the report in the *Lokal Anzeiger*, four Berlin papers, employing a joint news-service, reported that three German army corps on the Eastern frontier had been mobilized. The two incidents, however, are quite distinct, and the latter report, like the first, had no basis of fact.

The German General Staff did, indeed, emphasize the necessity of taking proper measures for the country's defense, in view of the reports that had reached us officially since July 26 that Russia was preparing for war. But, in view of the Imperial Chancellor's opposition, the Kaiser refused to order a general mobilization on July 29, when General von Moltke made his recommendation.

Here lies an all-important difference between the situation in Germany and that of Russia, when war and peace hung in the balance. Both General Staffs, the Russian and the German, advocated mobilization, in view of the critical political situation. In Russia, the Tsar yielded to the pressure of the General Staff and officially ordered general mobilization, which had already more or less automatically begun on account of that monarch's irresolute attitude. Germany, in spite of her more threatened situation, in spite of Russia's prior measures, in spite of the partial mobilization of thirteen Russian army corps against only eight Austrian corps, — and these fully occupied with the Serbians, — delayed her general mobilization for fully forty-eight hours. It would have been a crime against the German people, and especially against East Prussia, if we had not then mobilized, even though mobilization, in view of the military and political situation, meant certain war.

PRAYER OF A YOUNG MAN SEEKING WISDOM

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Spectator*]

If to the ardors of my youth
Be shown a facet of the truth,
Let me not use so little wit
To make myself high priest of it,
Believe it absolute, and blind
My sight to that which others find.

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KOREAN BACKGROUNDS

BY A MISSIONARY

[We print below an account of Korean conditions and the antecedents of those conditions. The writer, after many years' residence in Japan, has recently returned from a visit to Korea in company with a member of the Japanese Upper House.]

From the *Japan Advertiser, May* 2
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

IT has been said that no nation can afford to forget its own history; and it is no less true that no one who tries to get a just and equitable view of conditions in Korea can afford to lose sight of the historical background of the present situation. This being the case, let us glance for a moment at the records of the life of the Korean people for the last few centuries, looking especially for material bearing upon present conditions, and upon the relations of Japan with the peninsula.

One of the first things that comes to our notice is the fact that, near the end of the sixteenth century, two armies from Japan, sent by Hideyoshi, then the real ruler of the Empire, overran the country and pillaged the southern part, at least, pretty thoroughly. And from that time on we find the country weak and the people in wretched condition. We might be inclined, at first sight, to conclude that this state of affairs, the results of which continue to the present day, was wholly the result of this invasion. But such a judgment would be wrong, because it would be based upon a part only of the facts of the case. The truth is that Korea was twice devastated before Hideyoshi's day — once by a horde, of Turkish blood, and once by the Mongols, just before their invasion of Japan. These latter did a very thorough job, as one may see from the records quoted by Murdoch and Yamagata in their history of Japan. However, the troops of Hideyoshi did not remain in the peninsula for any great length of time, comparatively; and the country was left to itself for some three hundred years after the invasion was over, and should have recovered to a very considerable extent, if there was no other reason for this wretchedness than that military inroad.

The real reason for the national weakness and the degradation of the people of Korea is to be found in the country itself, in the policy of the Li dynasty. This line of rulers, which held the reins of power from about the beginning of the fifteenth century to the time of the annexation, acted wisely and well for the first two hundred years of its occupancy of the throne. A little study of the articles preserved in the museum at Seoul gives ample proof of the high level of civilization reached during this period. But one also notices that there is very little of value dating from the last three hundred years of this dynasty, namely from the beginning of the seventeenth to the beginning of the twentieth century.

Some small part of the blame for this change may be laid at the door of Hideyoshi and his warriors, perhaps, for they did take many Korean artisans back with them to Japan. But these

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could not have been more than a very small part of the total number of such workmen in the country. The real reason lies in the change that took place about this time in the policy and the character of the emperors. From enlightened and just potentates they changed to a succession of tyrants whose oppression of the people was simply senseless in its crudity and severity. Justice was absolutely unknown; taxes were collected from anyone who had money, without the slightest regard for legality; if a man started to repair his property the official pounced upon him and ordered him to pay over the money he had or was supposed to have in order to do this; refusal meant being beaten, sometimes to death, by these merciless harpies. Thus, money saved for future use was not only liable to seizure at any time, but was apt to bring disaster upon its possessor. Scholarly ability was treated as dangerous; and the tragic story of the family that was wiped out because three of its members were the only successful candidates in some official examination is probably not a wholly isolated case.

Everything that anyone produced which was of any value was either confiscated or destroyed to such an extent that it seemed useless to try to do anything, and many were driven to desperation. One man, a famous sword-smith, found that his skill and the fame it brought him also brought so much of oppression and exaction by rapacious officials that, in despair, he cut off his own right arm. The fact that he could escape this oppression by thus rendering himself almost useless indicates how senseless this policy was.

Now all this continued right down to the time when the Japanese took matters into their own hands. Some fifteen years ago, during the days of the Residency-General, the writer was talking with an educated Korean lady, on the state of her country. 'The Japanese are coming in,' she said, 'and they are hard on our poor people. And then, you know, our Government — ' There she paused, and the tears came to her eyes. Then she added, 'I can't tell you how bad it is.'

This misgovernment, too, did not press upon all the country alike. In the South, where the people are of a mild and gentle disposition, they were fearfully oppressed. But in the North, the bolder and more hardy population rebelled, in a small way. They sometimes pitched the offending official into the river or a pond, and then set him going down the highroad to Seoul, doubtless assisting him if he showed too much reluctance. In the words of a missionary long resident in one of these provinces, 'These fellows have never been ruled. They have had too much freedom in the past, in many ways.'

Three hundred years of this misrule brought Korea to such a pass that she fell an easy prey to China; and then, later, after having been rescued from this plight by Japan, to Russia. And if we think for a moment of what conditions are in those countries, we can get some idea of what she has been spared. Moreover, any careful study of conditions just previous to the annexation will show very clearly the fact that complete control by Japan was the only possible solution; for nothing short of ousting could have produced any reform in the Government of Korea. There is no use in trying to prove that the Japanese always acted wisely and altruistically, for that would not be true. Mistakes were made, and things were done that no honest man could approve. But when all is said and done, the fact remains that annexation was the only thing that could possibly save Korea from Russian domination, and in the light of present-

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day conditions in that country we can see what that would have meant if it had come.

So it would seem as if Japan had, at most, only a very small part of Korea's degradation to answer for, in any case; and when we think of what she has done in rescuing her weaker neighbor from other perils, we are rather inclined to think that she has wiped out her ancient debt, at least — if, indeed, Korea is not indebted to her.

Now, having finished our historical sketch, we turn to conditions as they are to-day. What is the situation that Japan is dealing with in the 'Land of the Morning Calm'?

In the first place, these centuries of oppression have made the average Korean an adept at lying, especially to escape official tyranny. In the old days, his only refuge from injustice was to deceive the official oppressor, and this sort of procedure became a matter of course. How he compares with the people of other countries in the matter of general truthfulness, or the lack of it, may be a matter of doubt, but in this one line, at least, he can hold his own with any member of the Ananias Club anywhere.

Another effect which those centuries of misgovernment have had upon Korean character is the ingrained laziness and thriftlessness of almost everyone, and especially of the men. A stroll down the streets of any town or city in the country is enough to convince anyone that hundreds of thousands of people must simply exist, rather than really live, for no human being can loaf about in the dust and dirt of the street so much of his time and yet earn enough to live comfortably. It seems, too, almost impossible to rouse in them any sort of ambition to do regular work; for the centuries of suffering have wrought into their very being the idea that all extra effort is useless, and that to be thrifty is to invite trouble.

Owing mainly to this lack of ambition on the part of the people, Korean industry has fallen so far that, as one goes along the streets of Seoul and inquires carefully where the 'Korean' wares are made, which are sold in the little shops and booths, he finds that many of them are from Osaka! It is simply the old story of modern methods and energy driving out old processes and easy-going labor.

A single illustration will serve to make clear the Korean laborer's utter ignorance of the value of that modern invention, efficiency, or the idea that time and labor expended should produce something like commensurate results. The writer remembers having seen, some ten or fifteen years ago, a kodak picture, taken by a friend, of a group of Koreans spading up a garden, or field. An elderly man was holding the handle of the spade, while some four or five or more younger men held ropes, which were tied to the handle just above the blade. The method of procedure was for the man who held the handle to plunge the spade into the ground in the usual way; whereupon the others, by pulling on the ropes, pulled it up with the earth upon it. In a word, these six or seven men were doing what, in most countries, would be done by one man.

That picture was taken several years ago, and even then the writer was inclined to laugh at it as a thing of the far-gone past, an odd survival that could not possibly last for long. But in 1921, on the streets of one of the larger cities of Korea, he saw, not, indeed, five or six men digging up the soil in this way, but in one case two, and in another case three, men working together like this at the simple job of shoveling gravel from one spot to another about five feet away. In each

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case there was a 'holder' who guided the shovel, and in one there was one 'puller' and in the other two.

And in both cases the work was being done far more slowly than one man alone could have done it.

This sort of strength in numbers is not the result of weakness on the part of the Korean laborer, for he is not weak. He is remarkably strong, and when put to it, or when he wants to, he can do as much as any man. Moreover, he is usually a quiet fellow, and has other good qualities as well. So if the Japanese Government can rouse him out of his lethargy and set him on the road toward thrift and industry, together with a better standard of cleanliness and of living in general, it will have done him a very great service.

Agriculturally, Korea is by no means rich, nor is she as rich as she ought to be. The land has been impoverished by bad methods of agriculture and the lack of fertilizers. It may be that the soil was not very fertile in the beginning — the writer cannot say as to that — but there is no room for any doubt about the fact that it is now both poor and badly farmed, and that it does not produce anything like the returns it could make under proper conditions.

So the farmer, the laborer, and the artisan all live just on the border of want, and sometimes they step over the border. And, too, this hand-to-mouth existence exposes them to the wiles of the loan shark, to whom they fall easy victims.

Commercially, the Koreans are far behind the Japanese. The writer is no expert in these matters, and does not presume to say much about this side of the situation, but he received the impression that the Koreans were timid about launching enterprises of any large nature, for fear of being unable to compete with their more experienced rivals. Whether this feeling is justified or not, it is hard to say, with the little data at hand just now.

In educational lines, under the old régime, learning meant simply a knowledge of the Chinese classics and almost, if not absolutely, nothing else. In fact, there are some 24,000 of these old Chinese schools still in existence. And except for the mission schools and a few very primitive excuses for native schools, there is nothing that could be called educational work in the modern sense. For example, there stands in Seoul to-day a little old one-story building, perhaps some twenty or thirty feet wide by sixty or one hundred long. It looks as if it might be a storehouse. But under the native emperors, that building housed the sole agricultural school of the country.

When the Japanese took over the management of affairs, there was little incentive for them to map out and establish a large educational system; for the people in general had very little appreciation of, or desire for, modern learning, at least until the time of the Independence Movement. Since that outbreak they have begun to realize that, if they are ever to get independence, or any degree of autonomy, they must have education. As a consequence, they are now flooding the schools already established, and are besieging the Government with requests for the establishment of more.

Politically, the whole country is in a 'ticklish' state. Before the independence outbreak the people were more or less cowed; and they had felt, too, the many benefits that the Japanese Administration brought with it. Besides the tremendous material advance marked by the new railways, the post and telegraph systems, and the opening up of new roads, which made foreign commerce possible, the farmer, the artisan, the merchant, and the laborer all found that their savings

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were secure, and that, if they labored honestly, each one of them might enjoy the fruits of his own labor. They found that a tax once paid was done with; and in many other ways they saw the benefits which the new régime conferred upon the country.

But the process of change from the old weak and tyrannical government to a new and more equitable one was not all a path of roses. There came times when the Korean wanted to kick back at the official, or to deceive him, as he had often done in earlier days. But such things did not go, under the new dispensation; they only brought sterner measures than before; and the unlucky fellow who tried this sort of thing felt that his liberty was curtailed. Injustice took on a new aspect, for now it meant that a Japanese could nearly always get things his own way in the courts.

There were other things, too, that entered into the relations between the Koreans and their new rulers. Numbers of Japanese of the rougher and more unscrupulous kind went to Korea for the express purpose of exploiting the people. This is just what is likely to happen in any case in which one nation takes over the government of a weaker one; and we have no right to blame the Japanese in particular for this phase of the situation. Moreover, the Government did its best to check the activities of these fellows. But, as anyone knows who has studied the practical workings of such a condition, this is no easy task. Besides, great difficulty was experienced, and still is, for that matter, in getting a sufficient number of competent officials, especially of the lower grade, with the moral stamina to withstand the temptations that come to a man in contact with a subject alien people. The Koreans saw these adventurers and the incompetent or corrupt officials, and their reaction was a feeling that they did not want to be assimilated to such a people. So, to their natural resentment at foreign domination, and in spite of the many benefits which they recognized as coming from a more stable government, there was added a feeling of aloofness, born of the mistaken notion that all Japanese were like these adventurers, incompetents, and rascals. This aloofness made the work of the Government, and especially that of the police, very difficult. So, when the Independence outburst came, although practically every Korean man in the country knew about it, and most of the women did, too, the police were in complete ignorance of the plans until within four or five days of the actual outbreak; and even then they knew only that something was going to happen, but knew little of what that something was to be.

And when the actual outbreak did come, the gendarmery, feeling their responsibility for the lives and property of the Japanese in Korea, and knowing nothing of what it all might mean, lost their heads completely. With no knowledge upon which to base an estimate of the strength or extent of the movement, they imagined all sorts of dangers; and this, coupled with other things, brought about the terrible atrocities of which we all know.

A large part of the Japanese in the peninsula realize to-day the awful mistake that was made in suppressing a comparatively harmless ebullition in such a ruthless manner, and sincerely regret the extreme measures that were taken at that time. But the Korean cannot forget those things so easily. The prison tortures, the promiscuous shooting in certain places, and the senseless brutality of some of the soldiers and gendarmes, are all too vivid in his memory for him to look upon the Japanese policeman or official with

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wholly friendly eyes. And the tactless or really oppressive acts of officials of the lower orders, and of both Japanese and Korean policemen, to-day keep this feeling from dying out as fast as it would if every man of that grade and all others could be persuaded to work in the spirit intended by the Governor-General and his immediate subordinates.

THE RED ARMY'S OATH TO THE COLORS

BY A MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT

From *Kölnische Zeitung, May 25*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

May Day in Soviet Russia was an army celebration. It was preceded on April 30 by *Gramotnosti*, or the general examination in reading and writing. The soldiers took this test at their barracks. As befitted an educational anniversary, processions of schoolchildren, orphans, and other young folks filled the streets. Many of the little ones were clad in carnival garb. For example, the pupils of the Rosa Luxembourg Memorial School paraded dressed as gnomes, in gray tunics, false beards, and red caps, and carried gigantic fiery-red banners. The general public participated mainly as spectators. On the whole, it was a much less imposing holiday than the army celebration that was immediately to follow.

Promptly to the minute, the May Day programme, which went off with the punctuality of clockwork, began with a review of 75,000 troops, of all branches of the service, on the Red Square in front of the Kremlin. This took an hour, from half-past ten to half-past eleven. The buildings of the city were literally smothered in red flags. Whether or not this was spontaneous may be gathered from the following proclamation, which closely follows the style of the police ordinances under the Tsars:—

> Obligatory decoration of buildings. The Administrative Division of the Moscow Soviet notifies all house managers, under penalty of being held responsible by the commandant, to decorate the buildings under their care with red flags on May 1. The militia is ordered to enforce a strict observance of this order. Any one guilty of failure to observe it will be summoned before the authorities and punished by fourteen days' imprisonment.

That is precisely the way in which, in the days of Pobyedonozev, the loyal subjects of the Tsar were 'permitted the pleasure of illuminating their houses upon His Majesty's name day.' A man who did not illuminate wound up in a cell. I do not mention this as a criticism of the Bolshevist Government. This Bolshevist order merely shows that the old bureaucracy understood perfectly the psychology of the Russian masses.

The army review was a most impressive spectacle. The old walls of the Kremlin were bathed in the golden sunlight of a glorious May morning. They are skirted by a long row of graves, containing the remains of the

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more distinguished martyrs of the Revolution. These graves had been carefully tended: fresh white sand had been strewn around them, and they were buried in a wealth of flowers. In front of the grave of Sverdlov, the author of the Red oath, who was assassinated by a bomb thrown by a Social Revolutionary, a speaker's stand had been erected, and was decorated with the emblems of the Soviet Republic. Promptly on the stroke of 11.30, the great chimes in the tower of the Church of Our Saviour began to play the 'International,' and Trotskiĭ appeared. After walking down the front of the massed troops, he ascended the speaker's stand and delivered a political address.

The great monument opposite the speaker, erected in honor of the liberators of Russia from the Polish yoke, in the time of the false Tsars, was decorated with the insignia of Soviet Russia, and served as a symbol for the occasion. Several squadrons of airplanes circled over the square. The gigantic airship of the Russian inventor, Sikorski, rumbled like an express train, scarcely six hundred feet above the throng, showering the assembled gathering with Bolshevist tracts. The whole spectacle carefully conformed in every detail to Trotskiĭ's personal orders, and was cunningly calculated to impress the primitive-minded Russians with the overwhelming might and glory of their country. Old officers of the Tsar, who were in the review, expressed to me later their unbounded admiration of Trotskiĭ's genius as an organizer and a propagandist. His slender active figure, in a gray uniform, without any insignia of rank, was the dramatic centre of this great military spectacle — far more so than ever was Nicholas II at the imperial reviews I used to see at Krasnoi Selo.

Here stood a man of power and personality, incarnating the very soul of hundreds of thousands of people. The Tsar was merely a gracious gentleman in a colonel's uniform, helplessly cut off behind a Chinese wall of imperial etiquette, and only too glad when the thing was over. Trotskiĭ's speech could be distinctly heard by all. He spoke deliberately, simply, emphatically. My memory easily retained the most important sentences: 'France and England have invited us to Genoa. They have asked us our conditions. We have told them honestly what you, the peasants and workingmen of Russia, can consent to.' (Then he raised his voice so that every word came out like a rifle-shot.) 'They — have — rejected — our — proposals. Yet we shall not sell ourselves. Behold what a mighty power we are in the world! All those who are downtrodden by capitalism stand behind us. You are the sword-hand of a throttled world.'

As soon as the speech was over, the troops presented arms; swords were unsheathed; and seventy-five thousand men repeated in unison the Red oath: —

1. I, a son of the working people, a citizen of the Soviet Republic, voluntarily enter service as a fighting man in the Army of the Working People and Peasants.

2. Before the working people of Russia and the whole world, I solemnly pledge myself to perform this service loyally, to study conscientiously the trade of a soldier, and to defend the property of the nation and the army from loss and misuse, as I would the apple of my eye.

3. I pledge myself to comply in every detail and under all circumstances with the orders and discipline of the Revolution, and to obey and carry out all commands of the superiors placed over me by the Workers' and Peasants' Government.

4. I pledge myself to refrain from any act that will stain and be unworthy of the character and dignity of a citizen of the Soviet Republic, and to keep my comrades from such acts, and to devote myself, body and

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soul, to the great object of liberating the working people of the world.

5. I pledge myself, at the first call of the Workers' and Peasants' Government, to stand ready for service in the defense of the Soviet Government against all perils and attacks; aye, to offer my life, if necessary, in battle for the Russian Soviet Republic, for the cause of Socialism, and for the brotherhood of mankind.

6. If I maliciously and with premeditation violate this solemn oath, may the universal contempt of my fellow men be visited upon me, and may the firm hand of revolutionary justice punish me.

Trotskiĭ first recited the oath, and the troops followed him. A roar of cannon from the Kremlin announced the conclusion of the ceremony, and the troops marched past the reviewing stand in the usual fashion. I realized instantly that the Red Army has appropriated the fruits of the tireless labors that Russia's rulers, since Peter the Great, devoted to military training and discipline, as the strongest prop of their own political power. The cut of uniforms and the style of headdress have changed. The new army has returned to old Russian patterns, such as they were in the days of Frederick the Great: gray coats with broad braid, exhibiting the regimental colors, and cloth caps shaped like a helmet cover, with a neck-guard and earlaps. Arms, footwear, and leather fittings were faultless. The snap and accuracy of the review would have rejoiced the heart of any Prussian drillmaster. I pondered sadly that the whole German army to-day was not much stronger than this Moscow garrison.

At the Tsar's reviews we would occasionally see a mounted officer — sometimes a lady in a helmet with a drooping horsetail plume — ride out from the Imperial suite and take the head of a passing regiment. This was some princely or noble honorary colonel. At the Soviet review the same ceremony was observed, except that the honorary leader was a factory committeeman, or a trade-union executive, instead of an Archduke of Weimar or a Princess Victoria.

Even a lady enjoyed this honor, — a beautiful blonde, who sat magnificently erect and commanding as she rode past to the tune of the Dessauer March. I noted also that two regiments of the Red Army had inherited the honor of two of the old patrician guard regiments, and marched past the reviewing stand with rifles held at the charge.

To be sure, a review proves little as to the military worth of an army. Oftentimes the best-drilled parade troops prove spiritless and useless when put to the test of active service. Consequently, it would be premature to judge the real value of the Red Army from this brilliant and faultless military spectacle. Only the test of fire can prove that. None the less, we may draw some conjectural conclusions from the leadership that has made this army.

Let us say at the beginning, Trotskiĭ is no military specialist, no trained General Staff man, no Napoleon, as some of his military flatterers assert. However, we have enough evidence of his plans and policy to know that he understood the defects of the old army, and that with his remarkable organizing talent he has made every effort to remedy them. In this he seems to have been remarkably successful. Of course, he inherited an excellent military organization from the old régime. The old Russian army, especially after the lessons of the war with Japan had been taken to heart, was a powerful and efficient fighting machine. Its defects were due less to its own weaknesses than to the weaknesses of the Government. I was a military observer with this army in many battles in Manchuria, where I associated with the

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troops shoulder to shoulder. I never ceased to admire the resourcefulness, the common sense, the initiative, and the enterprise of its officers and men.

All that the old army lacked was an intelligent understanding of, and faith in, the cause for which it fought. Without such a faith, in these days when whole nations are drafted into the ranks, an army cannot win; the will to victory cannot be maintained. Trotskiĭ has made it the corner stone of his army system that every soldier shall be able to read and write. That is why the thirtieth of April is observed, just before the first of May, as the annual anniversary of the campaign against illiteracy. We will not stop to inquire whether every Red Guardist can read Tolstoi and Dostoevskii. The barracks orders issued by Trotskiĭ are practical and to the point: —

> The common soldier must be made familiar with practical realities. With this in view we must start out with Rumania and Poland. Instead of feeding the minds of our soldiers with wordy and emotional appeals, we must teach them our actual relations with our neighbors, by means of simple, easily comprehensible tracts. We must teach the soldier what Rumania is, what Poland plans and designs, and so forth. These tracts must be supplemented by more comprehensive and scientific manuals for the use of commanders and commissars, and by a very popular manual for the average peasant. In the days of the Tsar it was taken for granted, and assumed to be a religious duty, a high command, that a soldier should hate his enemy. The soldier of the Red Army must know against whom he is fighting, and why he is fighting. We cannot accomplish much by merely cursing and abusing the Rumanians and the Poles. We must give our men an intelligent idea of our conflicting interests. That is the first task of military instruction.

Frederick the Great, in his military testament, dwelt upon the importance of detail. Trotskiĭ's talent for organization is indicated in his faithfulness to the precepts of the great Prussian King. I quote from his orders: 'During the Civil War it was impossible to pay attention to details and little things. Yet precisely such attention to details and little things is a necessary prerequisite for success, for progress.'

So we see a man, whose whole life has been devoted to propaganda and to denying and destroying existing systems, suddenly turning around and preaching the necessity of looking after the condition of a horse's hoofs, of keeping a rifle clean, of polishing boots, and other corporal's wisdom.

Great stress also is laid in the Red Army upon the cultivation of military honor. That was one of the weakest points of the Tsar's army, where methods of discipline, inherited from the days of serfdom, were carried over into the twentieth century. In the old army, patriarchal ideas, which had already died out in the villages, survived in a sort of mummified after-life. The captain was the 'little father of the company.' Trotskiĭ makes clear that it will require long educational preparation to cultivate a sentiment of military honor in the common soldier; but that, unless this sentiment of honor is awakened, there can be no true discipline; and, as the text of the Red oath shows, iron discipline is the foundation stone on which the Red Army stands. During the parade, Kamenev, the Chairman of the Moscow Soviet, remarked to me, when one of the detachments was passing: 'Like Prussian soldiers.' Discipline was the backbone of the Prussian Army. The first King of Prussia said that the greatness of his country rested upon military discipline, as the world rested upon the shoulders of Atlas. Above all, Trotskiĭ demands of the Red Army labor discipline.

> We must fight a relentless war against so-called 'revolutionary methods,' that is, dis-

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regard of regulations. Regulations must be scrupulously observed and insisted upon by the best men in the Red Army. It is nonsense for men to say that regulations are only a dead word, and hamper revolutionary liberty.

Old Tsarist officers, who serve as instructors in the military academies of the Red Army, tell me that the zeal and eagerness of the cadets is remarkable and worthy of admiration. It is too early to say whether great future commanders can be found in the classes to which the new officers belong. But we have no reason to doubt that the Red Army will have capable subordinate officers at the front, something that the old imperial Army occasionally lacked.

LOTUS LIFE OF MACAO

WHERE CONSCIENCE TROUBLES NOT AND MAN MAY REST

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, May* 6
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

MACAO is the most restful place in China. By a restful place I mean a place where a man can be wholly inactive, not even think, without his conscience troubling him. In Macao I could go gracefully to seed without a qualm. There are lots of places in China whither people go, bent upon doing nothing; but in nine out of ten of these places they find that something in the atmosphere drives them to active diversion rather than passive rest. They go for the air, or the water, or the temperature, which stimulates, and they get it. They climb, or ride, or swim, or row, with the same energetic devotion that they put into their desk-work eleven months or more out of the year, and they feel as guilty if they fail to do something of the sort on a vacation, as a salaried man who lies in bed till noon on a Monday morning.

Not so Macao; by a strange moral inversion, a duty neglected in Macao gives one the same pleasant spiritual aftertaste as a duty performed elsewhere. That is what I call restful. The atmosphere is not recuperative; it does not stimulate your faculties or hurry you back to your routine grind with a new eagerness to do something and a sharpened sense of duty, as most 'rest' places do; it does not drive you to be 'fit,' but permits you to become unfit without remorse. It is anæsthesia to all that makes the Anglo-Saxon at once happy and miserable. His physical energy and his troublesome sense of right and wrong go into a twilight sleep here; and here he could sit, with his back to a sun-warmed stucco wall, smoking cigarettes, patting an elsewhere disgraceful corpulence, and watching the seven deadly sins flourish picturesquely, as they do in Macao, with benign tolerance. The man who would feel impelled by conscience 'to do something' in Macao would be cap-

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able of deep breathing before an open window three hundred and sixty-five mornings out of a year, or of regulating his diet by calories and vitamines. He would be the kind of man who delighted as a small boy in wearing the clothes in which his mother arrayed him on a Sunday morning; who liked school; who was Sunday School superintendent at the age of seventeen; who began hoarding his pennies at the age of three, and owned a block of city real estate before he was thirty. In other words, he would n't be quite human, and probably would never see Macao.

You may think that your correspondent is belying the atmosphere which he describes, by reacting to duty and pounding a typewriter for your benefit in this setting of blue sea and green banyans, where church and castle-crowned hills throw benign shadows upon streets of fan-tan houses and opium shops; where the incense of many ancient and pious shrines, the smoke of joss sticks from heathen altars, the fumes of a thousand opium pipes, the reek of uncleanliness from countless gambling-houses and brothels, together with a general aroma of physical and moral decay (not to mention the insistent exhalations of drying fish), mingle harmoniously, and weave themselves, in the yellow evening light, into a veil of enchantment over this ancient and naughty community. My writing, however, is not a discharge of duty. It is not in discord with the little minor harmony which the community drones. It is simply a lazy man's reflex, like a yawn between naps, or a stroll between meals.

Macao is a hilly peninsula, connected with the mountainous district of Heungshan by a long, narrow, sandy isthmus, upon which the Portuguese and the Chinese both maintain military posts and customs houses, and make intercourse with one another as difficult and uncomfortable as possible. These, however, are artificial demonstrations of a spirit that is characteristic neither of Macao nor of Heungshan; for you can take a sampan and go to and fro all day long, paralleling the isthmus, within pistol-shot of the mutually disagreeable outposts, without a challenge. When you know this, you can evade the only experience which you are likely to have in or about Macao which is out of harmony with the setting. For it cannot be said that it is not picturesque to be captured by pirates, or to be fired upon by bandits on the mountain roads in Heungshan, or to be chased by a customs cruiser as a smuggler, or to be thrown in a gruesome mediæval gaol as an alien spy, if you set foot upon Chinese territory on the other side of Macao's narrow harbor; for these are experiences that harmonize with the setting, that contribute to the Macao atmosphere and detach it from the commonplace.

The most modern and most reputable side of the peninsula is turned to the sea. This first view of it from the deck of an incoming steamer gives an erroneous impression of modernity and prosperity. It does not give an impression of smugness, however, but is simply very beautiful, with its hills topped with churches and old Chinese fortifications, its slopes covered with tropical foliage that half conceals cool and spacious houses washed in mezzotints, and with its massive sea-wall and its unbroken fringe of magnificent old banyans, which shade the perfect driveway upon which no one with a sense of decorum ever moves in haste. In the foreground are hundreds of junks, with all sails set, anchored and pulling on their cables as if they were hired by the local authorities to lie there as part of the perfect picture of action arrested, of energy chained and subdued. It rather spoils the impres-

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sion to learn that they are fishermen drying their sails, who will shortly take themselves out of the picture and go about their business.

Then you turn the sharp point of the peninsula, run into the narrow harbor, and come abruptly upon the other face of Macao, the old and disreputable face. The same lighthouse, the first built east of Suez; the same Chinese forts; the same massive churches; the same skeleton façade of a ruined cathedral; and the same bishop's palace look down from the same hilltops on this other Macao and harmonize with it as perfectly as they did with the first.

The harbor is littered with launches and government boats, all bristling with armament. The waterfront is packed with junks, many of them burdened with a dozen old cannon that protrude through the armored bulwarks: defense against piracy to-day, good piratical equipment to-morrow, when the crew shall have procured that modern accessory to the old equipment, a stock of high-power Winchester rifles, smuggled across to them by the firemen and crew of one of the transpacific boats. The same sort of cool-looking buildings which face the sea on the other side here face inland; but their mezzotints are stained and faded, their stucco broken and discolored, for this is Mr. Hyde's side of Macao, and you can just feel how wicked it is before your boat touches the dock, in spite of the churches and the bishop's palace that dominate it. You may not believe it, but these same high-placed edifices, which add solemnity to the picture from the sea, seem to take on a suitable air of jaunty deviltry when viewed from the harbor at the top of rakish shabby old Macao.

Over the ridge of the peninsula runs one broad business street from the steamer-landing to the hotel, and a score of narrow, steep, and crooked cobble-paved lanes, crossing each other at all angles, which would be dangerously confusing if there were not so many high landmarks in sight and if the place were not so small. It is in these lanes near the waterfront that commercialized iniquity thrives.

It is something of a shock at first, even to the worldly-wise, to find scores of electric signs, like shop signs, illuminating the narrow streets and blazoning forth the legend: 'First Class Gambling Saloon'; to find so many people sitting in their doorways cleaning their opium outfits, and to be constantly aware of the proximity of somewhat overdressed and bold-eyed femininity. The principal reason why it is all so matter of course is that there is no mystery about it, and at the same time little or no blatant display. It is all licensed iniquity, and therefore thoroughly decorous in the sight of the law; and yet it is not overadvertised. Everything that is hidden or winked at in other naughty communities is here so obvious that no one offers to guide you to it. In fact, like everything else in Macao, vice is somnolent and flaunts itself with tropical leisure. It is omnipresent and yet unobtrusive. It neither invites nor challenges; so within a few hours there is no more thrill in walking through a street of gambling-shops or of opium shops than in perambulating about the aisles of a department store.

The heterogeneous mingling of races in these few streets on this narrow peninsula arouses more interest perhaps than the licensed wickedness; but since no one takes account of this any more than of the gambling and opium, it sinks, too, into the background of the picture, and takes its place in the indescribable atmosphere of the place. There are Portuguese from Portugal, other Continentals, Anglo-Saxons, the

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pale yellow men and women of the town, the bronze men from the sea, — maybe fishermen, maybe pirates, — the brown folk from Goa, and the tall black fellows, amazingly black beside the Indians, from Portuguese East Africa. Add to these all the possible intermediate shades of the second and third generation, and you have a Macaoese street throng. Not that they ever do throng or crowd: they just drift together and drift apart again in the streets, lazy units floating in a concentrated solution of *dolce far niente*.

Probably it is superfluous to describe a Macao fan-tan saloon. There is nothing thrilling about one, anyway. There are no suicides on the thresholds, the average stakes are not high, little money is wasted in making them sumptuous, and the coolie patrons are not demonstrative. The game is childishly simple; there is no bank to break; there is little enough upon which to found 'systems,' though system-mad gamblers do go there with systems; and altogether it is about as thrilling as sitting on a river bank and betting on the number of sticks that will drift past in ten minutes. There is a big table in a big room. About the big table is a crowd of half-clad coolies, trying to double or lose the products of their day's labor. At the head of the table sits a blasé Chinese, with a chopstick poised over a heap of copper cash. Two other men at the table register bets, accept the stakes, and pay out the winnings.

The game is this: an unknown number of cash are heaped on the board; and when all bets are placed, the man with the chopstick commences, with mechanical precision, to draw the cash toward him in fours. When he has drawn the four cash across the boards with the chopstick, so that all may see them and count them, he sweeps them in with a slender white hand, and picks out four more, sweeps them in, picks out four more, sweeps them in, and so forth, until the heap is reduced to a final one, two, three, or four cash. And it is upon this number remaining that you have placed your bets.

Suppose there are two left. The house takes 10 per cent of the total of bets placed, and the balance is divided between all those who have bet on two in proportion to their stakes. Gamblers can double only up to $500, so there is not much latitude for working a system or a 'hunch'; yet scores of people, they say, do go over from Hongkong on the week-end excursion boats, with fat books recording all the permutations and combinations of one, two, three, four, for the past thirty years in Macao, and with systems in which they repose great faith. Not long ago a gambler came all the way from Monte Carlo, with a fan-tan system and a fund of $30,000. A month later the Chinese gamblers took up a collection and bought him a ticket home.

Foreigners and better-class Chinese view the game from a balcony, where attendants call out their bets and lower their money to the table in little baskets. On this same balcony are opium beds, with the smoking paraphernalia laid out, — 'property' only, — for the benefit of tourists, who like to have their iniquities lumped. A Macao 'First Class Gambling Saloon' is not the sort of place in which one would loiter to smoke opium or do anything else. You either gamble, or watch the game, or get out. There are more congenial places provided on the peninsula in which to cook a lump of brown putty on the end of a hatpin over a little brass lamp, which, as every opium-smoker will admit, is the pleasantest part of smoking opium. The crowded balcony of a gambling-house is no place to perform this delicate rite.

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Everyone will tell you how rapidly Macao is declining; how little reason there is that it should continue to exist at all. It never had an adequate steamer harbor, and what there is, is now silting up so rapidly that, unless someone finds it worth while to dredge it, it will soon be fit for junks and launches only. They will tell you that the legitimate trade is almost nothing; that, apart from the salt and fish, which combined provide for an export of salted fish, there is nothing from which the community can derive revenue except the various forms of licensed wickedness, and the sale of things to those who practise evil and those who come to Macao to indulge in it. They will tell you that even iniquity does n't pay as well as formerly and that the gambling and opium concessions, which are the major support of the local Administration, cannot now be sold for a tenth of what they used to bring.

You are moved to regret all these things before you have been in Macao. You think it a pity that someone has n't the enterprise to rebuild the trade that the place once enjoyed as a clearing-house for all the commerce of the adjacent Chinese cities in the Delta and up the West River. If you are persuaded that Macao's commerce is forever lost, you wonder why the Administration which lives on gambling and opium is content to shoulder obloquy for such miserable returns, why the authorities do not capitalize the truly beautiful setting, the historic associations, and the all-pervading 'restful' atmosphere as Monaco has done, and make an Oriental Monte Carlo of it, providing snares for the foolish more thrilling than fan-tan, in a more sumptuous setting; endowing first-class tourist hotels, bathing and yachting, motoring and golf, dancing and play-going — in short, why don't they whiten the sepulchre, or, better still, gild it?

When you have once been to Macao, and have gone away trusting some day to go back, you hope they will not do any of these things, because you understand that the aroma of decay, the picturesque shoddiness of Macao, is to that 'restful' atmosphere which constitutes the charm of the place what gin is to the gin sling, what paprika is to the Welsh rabbit. A thriving port of Macao would be shorn of its pirates, its smugglers, its crumbling ruins, its old-fashioned mezzotinted churches, its Chinese forts on the hilltops, and its rows of dilapidated, cool old houses. Warehouses, shipping offices, and godowns would displace the wicked old town, and it would be nothing but a congested port, — which ship captains would curse with fervor, — with a cramped and expensive residential quarter on the seaward side.

At the upper end of the Macao harbor there is now a cement works which emits smoky evidence of activity. After you have been in Macao a short time, and have learned that action is heresy, and energy the only original sin, you hate the sight of that cement factory. You do not know whether it is on the Macao peninsula or on the mainland, and you do not ask, for fear you will learn that it is in Portuguese territory.

As for the idea that you have conceived of modernizing Macao with a little gilt and advertising, you soon come to hope that the authorities will never consider it. Commercialized and exploited wickedness in Macao would leave a bad taste in the visitor's mouth. The lazy, unenterprising vices of Macao, going to seed picturesquely with the community, would be sordid, brutal, and repulsive in a Monte Carlo setting. They would be like rotten fruit in a jeweler's showcase. Efficiency

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introduced into Macao for good might make a second-rate port of it; while efficiency introduced for evil would make it grotesque. In neither case would it be restful, in the sense in which I have described it as the most restful place in China — a place where your confounded Anglo-Saxon conscience would not be eternally reminding you that 'life is real, life is earnest.'

HOW AMERICA WAS REALLY DISCOVERED

BY HENRY VIGNAUD

[*Henry Vignaud, aged ninety-two, Officer of the Legion of Honor and Honorary Counselor of the American Embassy at Paris, has spent his life — when he was not spending it on diplomatic affairs — on Christopher Columbus, and has written several notable books about the discovery of America. This is his last word on the subject, in which he epitomizes the results of his study in an address read before the Society of Americanists in Paris and published as a pamphlet, with the title:* Comment l'Amérique fut réellement découverte in 1492.]

THE generally accepted version of the history of the discovery of America is wholly based on documents derived from the Columbus family. If we sum up the fundamentals of that story we find that it runs somewhat as follows:—

Christopher Columbus, the great Genoese to whom we owe the most important geographical discovery ever made, is said to have belonged to a family of navigators in which he was not the first to reach the rank of admiral. He began his studies at the celebrated University of Pavia. Led by his natural bent for seafaring, he went to sea at the age of fourteen and for forty years sailed over all the oceans then known. Ambitious to plumb the secrets of the globe, he sought the company of learned men, read their works, turned his own experience to good use, and reached the conclusion that, contrary to the opinion ordinarily accepted, the expanse of sea separating the two extremes of the world on the west was not very large, and that by sailing across it one would reach the Indies more easily than by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope.

Firmly convinced of this, he returned to Portugal, then the chief starting-point for voyages to distant lands, and proposed to King John II the discovery he had in mind. Receiving no attention, he took his proposal to Spain, and after some years of painful petitions he won the approval of the Catholic Sovereigns and was enabled to put his project into execution. The result was the discovery of the Antilles, which he mistook for the islands of the Indian Ocean, and the discovery of the Western Continent, which he mistook for the eastern coast of Asia.

This is in substance the story of the discovery of America as historians, without exception, describe it to us. No matter what book you open, French, English, Spanish, Italian, German, or any other, if there is any discussion at all of the discovery of America, you find the same story. . . .

I propose to show, not only that this way of explaining the discovery of

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America does not rest upon established fact, upon any reliable document, or upon any indisputable witness, but also that it contradicts everything we know from thoroughly reliable sources with regard to the events which preceded, accompanied, and followed this great achievement. It is a remarkable fact — which has not been sufficiently realized and to which one must draw attention — that the history of the discovery of America was known to posterity only through the testimony afforded by the Columbus family, so far as its origin and its essential details are concerned. The documents that give specific information on this subject are the following, practically all of which are derived from this source: —

1. A letter dated 1474, attributed to the astronomer Toscanelli, in which he advises Columbus to sail for the Indies by way of the west — later produced by the explorer's family and known to them alone.

2. The log of Columbus's first voyage, the original text of which is lost, but of which we possess a long analysis by Las Casas.

3. A letter that Columbus is supposed to have written to the Catholic Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, in which he reminds them that they ordered him to sail for the Indies by a course different from that followed by the rest of the world — an undated letter about which nobody knew anything except Las Casas, who placed it at the head of his summary of the logbook.

4. A letter from Columbus to the *escribano de ración*, dated February 24, 1493, in which he says he has gone to the Indies and come back.

5. Two letters (of 1498 and 1503) from Columbus, in which he tells the story of his third and fourth voyage to the *Asiatic* Indies and outlines his cosmographic system.

6. The biography of Columbus by his son Ferdinand, a work of which nothing remains save an Italian version published in 1571.

7. The history of the Indies by Las Casas, based on Columbus's papers and finished about 1562.

8. The story of the great deeds of the Castilians by Herrera, a work dating from 1601, which, so far as Columbus is concerned, follows Las Casas, all of whose opinions are accepted.

These documents form an imposing mass. They are abundant in precise details, for the most part truthful, which are to be found in them alone. Furthermore, they explain plausibly Columbus's assertion that his goal in 1492 was the East Indies. Hence it is natural that, in the absence of contradiction from any source — a contradiction whose elements were not brought together until our own day — complete reliance was placed on them without the least hesitation. The Columbus version of the great event was therefore readily credited and is to-day so rooted in history that it seems impossible to overthrow it. But in spite of this, researches since that time untiringly pursued in the archives of Portugal, Spain, and Italy have in the end modified the ideas previously formed with regard to the great Genoese, placing him in a light distinctly different from that of accepted tradition.

The new information as to the personality of Columbus and his antecedents, though it does not detract from his glory, shows, nevertheless, the necessity for a fresh and more profound inquiry into the facts relating to the origins of the discovery of America, and into the essential value of the Columbian tradition. If this tradition has supported a number of inexact statements — even though they are unimportant — it may also have led us

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into error with regard to the principal fact that it endeavors to establish.

The first point to be cleared up was the question in what measure information based on sources derived from Columbus's family was confirmed by information drawn from other sources. What a surprise for those who undertook the labor of critical revision to discover that it was not confirmed at all! The Columbus family were the only ones who knew that the destination of the voyage of 1492 was the East Indies. None of the historians and chroniclers of the time were aware of it!

Oviedo — a writer of Castilian history who was present at Columbus's triumphal reception when he returned from his voyage of discovery, who knew him personally, as well as the members of his family and several of his traveling companions — is quite unaware that there was any question in 1492 of going to the Indies; and he says in all his letters that the object of the voyage was the discovery of the very islands that were discovered. Gomara tells the same story. Nowhere among his contemporaries does one find the least allusion to any other plan. A silence on the part of his contemporaries that is so general and so complete — for it admits of no exception — is in itself sufficient proof that Columbus's plan in 1492 was not the plan that the documents emanating from his family attribute to him.

Can one say that these authors were ignorant of the fact? What! Columbus spends a dozen years at the courts of Portugal and Spain perpetually seeking the acceptance of his proposal; he approaches everyone possessing influence with the sovereigns; he follows them from place to place so as not to lose any opportunity to approach them; in Spain and Portugal he secures a hearing before a commission to whom he can expound his views — and yet no author of that time knew what he wanted to do! Did they think it useless to make any reference to his purpose? But if there was really a proposal to put Castile in direct communication with India, the land of spices, it was an important proposal whose success would assure the Spanish Peninsula incalculable profit.

It is easy enough to see the improbability of these suppositions; but even should we admit them true, there are other proofs, besides the silence of his contemporaries, which no one can bring into agreement with the accepted tradition as to the character of the enterprise of 1492. There is the declaration of Rodrigo Maldonado, Governor of Salamanca, a member of the commission to which Columbus's project was submitted, who says that there was no discussion in this commission except with regard to the very islands that actually were discovered. There is the official text of the agreements signed between the Catholic Sovereigns and the great Genoese, in which it is expressly stated that new islands are to be discovered. There is the log of the great voyage, in which Columbus dilates on what he desires to do and in which there is not a single word in regard to the Asiatic Indies. Finally, there are Columbus's actions and his statements before his first voyage and the events of the period in which he took a part, which contradict his assertion that he always desired to reach the eastern coasts of Asia.

Let us pause for a moment on this last group of proofs, which, although indirect, are nevertheless highly suggestive. Established at Lisbon, in 1477, Columbus married the daughter of Perestrello, the colonizer of Porto Santo, near Madeira, whose widow made over to him her husband's papers. Ferdinand Columbus, the explorer's son, expressly tells us his father de-

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rived from these the idea of his enterprise, a statement confirmed by Las Casas. Thus, according to the two authorities who were closest to Columbus, and who knew everything that concerned him, the first idea of his undertaking was drawn from the papers of a Portuguese, who was neither a sailor nor a cosmographer, but who had been engaged in the sea trade of the time, and who must have known all about the islands in the Atlantic that had been discovered or that might be discovered.

Once he had conceived his plans, Columbus approached King John II of Portugal, who referred him to a commission of cosmographers, to whom he explained his ideas. We do not know what their verdict was; but we do know that upon their advice a caravel was sent in the direction Columbus had indicated to check the truth of his assertions. This proceeding made Columbus so angry that he left Portugal, promising himself in the future to exercise more reserve in his explanations.

In Spain Columbus failed again. He left the court for La Rabida, whence he thought to set out for France; but at this monastery his fortune changed. The prior of the convent, Father Perez, a former Confessor of the Queen, took an interest in him, put him in touch with Martin Alonzo Pinzon, an influential sailor of Palos, took the matter up personally with the Queen, and had him recalled to the court. Disappointed once again, Columbus was about to depart for good when the intervention of a prominent official, Luis de Santangel, the Treasurer of Aragon, led to his acceptance. Las Casas has preserved for us the language in which this farseeing official urged the Catholic Sovereigns to accede to Columbus; and one does not find here the most remote allusion to a route to the Indies by way of the west. The only question is of islands to be secured for the Crown, about which the future Admiral had talked. It is perfectly obvious that, had there been any question of such a thing, Santangel would not have failed to draw the attention of the Sovereigns to the importance of direct communication with India.

In the famous agreement with the Catholic Sovereigns, the discoverer himself offers nothing in exchange for the privileges accorded him but certain islands that are to be discovered, about which he states he has information.

Fortified with the papers necessary for the execution of his plan, Columbus went to Palos, where he found such difficulties in the way of the organization of his enterprise that he was obliged to secure the assistance of Pinzon, whose influence and means of action were considerable. . . .

We know by reliable evidence that Pinzon had brought back from Rome alluring accounts of Cypangu (Japan), and that he had already decided to attempt the discovery of that island when Columbus was driven to make an appeal to him. We know by other evidence that, after reaching an understanding with Columbus, Pinzon succeeded in securing the assistance of seafaring men in the proposed undertaking only by talking about Cypangu and the riches to be secured there.

The difficulties having been surmounted, the expedition set sail for its unknown destination. If Columbus was in quest of the regions of Eastern Asia, he need only have steered straight to the west; but he went first to the Canaries, whence he sailed along the twenty-eighth parallel, which he followed throughout the voyage and from which he was unwilling to turn aside. Before setting out he gave an important written order to the chief officer of his squadron — directions to slow up after having sailed seven hundred leagues to

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the west of the Canaries; and Ferdinand Columbus, who gives this information, says that his father declared they would find land about seven hundred and fifty leagues out.

When they did not find land, no matter how eagerly they searched, even beyond the distance that had been fixed, the men of the crew began to talk about returning to Palos. Thanks to Pinzon's energetic action, everything was carried out according to orders, and the quest was continued by sailing farther to the west. It may be added that in all of Columbus's lengthy log-book, a journal that makes almost a volume in itself, there is not a single expression to indicate that there was any question of reaching Asia and of finding a new route to the islands of spices. Columbus was thinking only of the island for which he was hunting, the position of which he thought he knew exactly.

After he had passed the limit assigned, by three or four hundred leagues, the crew again showed signs of discontent, and Pinzon proposed to leave the route hitherto followed and sail to the south. According to Las Casas, this change was intended to bring them to Cypangu. However that may be, six days later they found the island of San Salvador. From that moment Columbus thought that he had gone as far as the eastern coast of Asia, and searched everywhere for Cypangu, which he first identified with Cuba and in the end with Haiti. The latter, says his son, was the very island he was looking for and the one that he would have found if he had not changed his course.

Columbus never named the island to the discovery of which he had devoted so much effort; but it can be identified by critical investigation. It was the island of Antilia, whose ostensible position is shown on a good many maps of the fifteenth century, especially on those of Bianco and of Benincasa, and whose discovery somewhere in the west was a subject of legend and an article of faith with all good seamen of the time. Many a fruitless expedition had been sent to discover it; and another was being fitted out for this purpose at the very moment when Columbus was leaving Portugal.

It was this famous island, about which Columbus had been gathering information, that filled him with so much confidence, as is shown by the following data: the testimony of the pilot, Agron, who was present at the departure of Columbus's expedition and who says it was going to the discovery of the island of Antilia; the remarks of the seamen of Palos, who hesitated to enroll with Columbus, that the island he wanted to find had already been the object of fruitless search — a remark that could be applied only to this island; the testimony of Vespucius, that Antilia was discovered by Columbus; and finally the statement made at the Court of Lisbon by Columbus's relatives, and perhaps by Columbus himself, when his ship reached port again, that he had returned from the discovery of Antilia and of Cypangu.

To these facts, which are explicit enough already, we may add others as a support in the interpretation of what we have learned. One is the statement made to Agron, by the men of Pinzon's ship, that they had found Antilia. Another, no less important, may be deduced from the spontaneous and general transfer of the name Antilia to the archipelagoes discovered by Columbus, a name that then disappeared from the maps as an isolated island in the region of the Azores. We may also add that the Portuguese, who were the first to learn of Columbus's discovery, placed on the most ancient Portuguese map that we have — that

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made by Cantino in 1502 — at the very place now occupied by our Antilles, the following words: *las antilhas del Rey de Castella*, to which they added the words: 'Discovered by Columbus.' From all these facts we must conclude that in the eyes of his contemporaries Columbus found the lost island of Antilia.

The discovery of Haiti, which Columbus named Española, brought his voyage to a successful end. The happy Genoese returned to Palos with the conviction that the island that had always been the subject of his thought actually existed in the Indian Ocean; but without ever suspecting that he had revealed the existence of a new world.

It seems, from the hasty but strictly accurate explanation I have given of the conditions of the great adventure of 1492, that it had no other purpose than new geographical discoveries in the Western Atlantic, and that the idea of creating a new route in order to reach Eastern Asia was wholly foreign to it.

How does it happen, then, that in spite of conflicting testimony everyone has regarded the latter as Columbus's purpose in the adventure of 1492? We may attempt an explanation. The fact that Columbus had information with regard to the island for which he was seeking was too evident to escape notice. He himself never concealed it. As soon as his discovery had been made, his own companions, as Las Casas remarks, began to say that Columbus had found nothing except what had been pointed out to him. The historian of the Indies, who devotes a chapter to this subject, says that he does not know whether these statements are true, but admits that they might be, because the Providence that selected Columbus as the revealer of the existence of the New World might have wished to make itself clear in this manner. The great Genoese was not an appealing individual. The haughtiness of his character, his reserve, his exactions, and his greed for gain had made him few friends; and the idea that he might profit by another man's discovery found credit so easily that we must needs believe it imposed itself upon posterity.

This fashion of interpreting the work of Columbus was both unjust and mistaken. It did wrong to his memory, and one can understand why the members of his family or his friends desired to try to correct public opinion on this point. At any rate, it was not until fifty years after the death of Columbus — when nobody suspected that there had been any question in 1492 of going to the Indies by a shorter route than that ordinarily followed, and when it was admitted, as Oviedo says, that the only object of the great expedition was the discovery of those very islands that had actually been discovered — that Columbus's son produced a letter from the astronomer Toscanelli, which gave the expedition quite another character. This letter — which nobody knew anything about, although it was ostensibly addressed to the King of Portugal, and of which since that time nobody has been able to find any trace except through the Columbus family — advises the future discoverer to try to reach the Indies by the west. The letter offers such natural confirmation of the design attributed to him after his discovery, that it had the effect one might expect. After its publication in Ferdinand Columbus's book, which did not appear until 1571, and its reproduction in 1602 by Herrera, — who borrowed it from Las Casas, who no doubt took it from the son of the discoverer, since he made use of his papers, — it was understood that the enterprise of 1492 had for its object the discovery of a new route toward the eastern coast of Asia.

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The circumstances in which this letter was produced, the impossibility of tracing its origin, and above all its contents, which are not what one would expect from a genuine scientist, have very properly led us to consider it as apocryphal, and I have myself given proofs of the fact. It is important to point out that even though this letter were entirely authentic, still it would not follow that Columbus had acted on Toscanelli's suggestions, which after all is the main question. This letter, written in 1474, has no importance unless it can be shown that the adventure of 1492 had a passage to India for its object. Only in that case (which as we have seen is not the case at all) could we regard Toscanelli as the initiator of the discovery of America. Let us confine ourselves to stating the abundantly established fact that, without the publication of this letter, which can only have come from the Columbus family, men would have continued to see in the adventure of 1492 what it really was, and what Oviedo, Gomara, and his contemporaries actually did see in it.

Once Toscanelli's letter is laid aside, we have one more document to add to those that contradict the accepted Columbus tradition, though at first sight it has the appearance of confirming it. This is the letter of credentials addressed to the Grand Khan. It is impossible to question the importance of this paper, which did not originate with the Columbus family, which has an undeniably official character, and which proves clearly that the possibility of sailing as far as the region where that potentate of Eastern Asia ruled, had been foreseen.

But if we survey again the conditions already indicated, under which the great expedition was organized, it is evident that the existence of this letter does not necessarily imply that Columbus proposed to sail to the Indies, or even that his expedition was made for this purpose.

We have seen, indeed, that Columbus, finding the sailors little disposed to join him, appealed to Pinzon, whose influence was considerable. Pinzon, who had hitherto held himself apart because he was himself thinking of an independent search for Cypangu, in the end reached an understanding with the Admiral under conditions that we do not know, but one of which we can suspect easily enough. For we see this sailor joining the expedition with one of his own caravels, bringing in members of his own family, and persuading the most hesitant to follow his example, by holding before them the riches of Cypangu, from which they might come back with a fortune.

We have also seen that if there was a change in the route followed by Columbus's orders it was, as Las Casas tells us, with the hope of reaching Cypangu in this way. It is therefore permissible to wonder whether the principal condition on which Pinzon joined was not that the expedition should not confine itself to hunting for the island that Columbus had in view, but that it should also seek for the island whose discovery Pinzon had promised to so many people. Under these circumstances it was natural that Pinzon should ask to be supplied with credentials to the Grand Khan, whose power was supposed to extend as far as Cypangu.

If this explanation of the letter's existence is not accepted, if it is still maintained that it was given to Columbus because his expedition was to sail for the Asiatic Indies, then we must regard this single piece of evidence as sufficient to overthrow the long series of facts which practically prove that in 1492 Columbus had no object but the discovery of the island with regard

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to which he had patiently gathered evidence that seemed to him satisfactory.

In the light of these facts (which modern histories of the discovery of America, written under the influence of Columbian traditions, pass over in silence or scarcely mention), it is reasonable to say that the great expedition of 1492 had two purposes in view: the discovery by Columbus of the island mentioned on the ancient charts under the name of Antilia, and the discovery by Pinzon of the island of Cypangu (Japan), of which marvels were reported but of which very little was known. This conclusion, justified by the facts that have been discovered so far, is especially supported by the declaration made to King John II to the effect that Columbus returned from the discovery of America and Cypangu.

MYSELF AND MY ISLANDS

BY SIR JAMES BARRIE

[*Although Sir James formally abjured public speaking in his now famous 'MacConachie' address to the students at Glasgow, the critics, those archenemies of the dramatist, were unwilling to let him off so easily. He was recently the guest of honor at a dinner of the Critics' Circle, where, after Mr. A. B. Walkley had responded to the toast, 'The Drama and Barrie,' Sir James made the speech printed below. The regrettable fact must be recorded that Sir James's first word of greeting to his hosts was most impolite. Speaking as a dramatist, he addressed the assembled critics as 'Scum!'*"]

From the *Times*, *May* 27
(Northcliffe Press)

Critics to right of him, critics to left of him, critics upper entrance at back leading to conservatory, critics down stage centre — into that Circle someone has blundered. How I wish I could keep it up, dealing blows all around in this author's well-known sledge-hammer style. 'Barrie gives them Beans'— *Evening News*. 'A Roland for an Oliver' — *Daily Chronicle*. 'Swashbuckler Barrie swashes on his Buckler' — *Mail*. 'Barrie spells Walkley with a small *w*' — *Morning Post*. That is the kind I should like to give you. But, alas! in the words of the poet Pewelli of the blessed isle, so familiar to you all, Poga, *mema allalula*, which means that your chairman has spiked my guns. . . .

I remember once going the length of very nearly telling a critic that quite possibly he was mistaken. It was many years ago, before I had written any plays, when red blood boiled in my veins. It is not a bad story, though unfortunately the critic comes rather well out of it; indeed I would not repeat it here except that I come rather well out of it also. It marks the night when I decided upon a rule of conduct with regard to you gentlemen, which, so far as I can remember, I have never broken. An historic occasion for me, therefore, and I am sorry I cannot remember what the weather was like. The criticized was one of my first books, a Scotch novel, and the critic was a man to whom

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I suppose everyone here would take off his hat in homage and in proud memory — Andrew Lang. He not only slaughtered my book, but attacked my Scotch and picked out one word in particular as not being Scotch at all. To be as particular as that, is perhaps always a mistake in criticism, and I thought I had him.

I wrote a brief letter to that paper saying that this word was not only good Scotch but was in frequent use in the Waverley novels, that I could tell Mr. Lang in which, but that as he was at present editing them he would find them all worth reading. I then put the letter in my desk and went exultantly to bed. But there was something wrong about it and I could not sleep, and somewhere in the early hours I made up my mind to tear up that letter and never in my life to answer criticism. These two vows I have kept, and in both cases with a happy result. A few days afterward Mr. Lang wrote in that same paper,— and you are good men if you can do what Lang did,— saying that he was rather unhappy about his review because he considered, on reflection, that he had not been quite fair to the book. Well, that led to a friendship much valued by me, though the word was never, never referred to between us. As for the other half of my vow, I like to think it is part of the reason why you have done me the honor of asking me here to-night.

Not, of course, that there is anything objectionable in our arguing with one another, but the other way seems to suit me best. Sometimes, I must admit, it has been rather a close thing. Several times I have indited a reply saying 'Oh, indeed!' or something stinging like that; but my post box is at the far end of the street and there is also time for reflection when one is putting on one's muffler. So the retort is never sent, though if the post box were nearer or the muffler were not one of those that goes round twice, there is no telling. I have never even answered Mr. Shaw, though in the days when he was a critic he began an article on a play of mine with some such words as these, 'This is worse than Shakespeare.' I admit that this rankled.

I wish I could think, gentlemen, that my forbearance toward you is owing to deeply artistic reasons; but no, it is merely because I forever see the fates hanging over you and about to stretch forth a claw. However you may ram it in — I refer to the rapier — I have a fear that something disastrous is about to happen to you in the so much more important part of your life that has nothing to do with the pen — bad news, ill health, sudden loss; and so I forgive you and tear up. I am even letting you off cheaply to-night in case one of you is run over on the way home, as I have a presentiment is going to happen. How easy it would be for some incensed author to follow a critic or two to their office on a first night and give them a sudden push as a bus came along. But I dare say you are all rather nippy at the curbstones.

So you see it is no use my attempting to talk to you about the drama of to-morrow. That secret lies with the young, and I beg of you not to turn away from them impatiently because of their 'knowingness,' as Mr. Hardy calls it in his new book. The young writers know as much about nothing as we know about everything. Yet they suffer much from the abominable conditions of the stage. Through them only shall its salvation come. Give them every friendly consideration, if only because they belong to the diminishing handful which does not call a play a show. 'Have you seen our show?' — 'I call that a nice little show.' Heigh-ho. Has the time come, gentlemen, for us all to pack up and depart?

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No, no, the drama will bloom again, though it will not be in that garden. Mr. Milne is a very fine tulip already, and there are others for you to water. Miss Dane has proved that the ladies have arrived. For my part, anything I can suggest for the drama's betterment is so simple that I am sure it must be wrong. I feel we have all become too self-conscious about the little parts we play — they are little parts even in our own little lives. If we talked less about how things should be done there might be more time for doing them. Suppose we were to have a close season, in which we confined ourselves to trying to write our plays better, act them better, produce them better, criticize them better? But it can't be so simple as that.

I wish I could write mine better, and I presume I am revealing no secret when I tell you that the only reason I don't is because I can't. If there were any other reason I should deserve the contempt of every one of you. I remember my earliest lesson in that.

For several days after my first book was published I carried it about in my pocket, and took surreptitious peeps at it to make sure that the ink had not faded. I watched a bookshop where it was exposed on a shelf outside the window, and one day a lady — most attractive — picked up my book and read whole paragraphs, laid it down, went away, came back, read more paragraphs, felt for her purse, but finally went away without buying. I have always thought that if my book had been a little bit better she would have bought it. 'The little more and how much it is.' In that case, a shilling. But what should be written up behind the scenes is 'The little less and how much it is.'

You have all in the course of earning your livelihood applied adjectives to me, but the only criticism that makes me writhe is that observation of Mr. Shaw's which I have already quoted. I wonder if he has changed his mind? He has changed all sorts of things. Here I must begin to be gloomy. None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself — 'Inoffensive Barrie.' I see how much it at once strikes you all. A bitter pill; but it looks as if on one subject I were the best critic in the room.

Your word for me would probably be 'fantastic.' I was quite prepared to hear it from your chairman, because I felt he could not be so shabby as to say 'whimsical,' and that he might forget to say 'elusive.' If you knew how dejected those terms have often made me. I am quite serious. I never believed I was any of those things until you dinned them into me. Few have tried harder to be simple and direct. I have also always thought that I was rather realistic. In this matter, gentlemen, if I may say it without any ill-feeling, as indeed I do, you have damped me a good deal, and sometimes put out the light altogether. It is a terrible business if one is to have no sense at all about his own work. Wandering in darkness.

To return to cheerier topics. I don't often go to the theatre, though I always go to Mr. Shaw's plays, not so much for ordinary reasons as to see whether I can find an explanation for that extraordinary remark of his. But I will tell you what I think is the best play written in my time. My reason for considering it the best is that it is the one I have thought most about since, not perhaps a bad test. I mean Pinero's *Iris*. One more confession — I will tell you what has pleased me most about any play of mine. It is that, everything included, and the dresses coming from the theatre wardrobe, the production of one of them — a little one, it is true, *The Twelve Pound Look* — cost just under £5.

My not going often to the theatre is

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not because I don't like it, but because the things I like best about it can be seen without actually going in. I like to gaze at the actors, not when dressed for their parts, but as they emerge by the stage door. I have never got past the satisfaction of this and it is heightened when the play is my own. The stage doorkeeper is still to me the most romantic figure in any theatre, and I hope he is the best paid. I have even tried to dart past him, but he never knows me, and I am promptly turned back.

I wait, though, in the crowd, which usually consists of about four or six persons, not of the élite, and when the star comes out they cheer and I hiss. I mean just the same as they do but I hiss. This sometimes leads to momentary trouble with the other loiterers, but in the end we adjourn inoffensively to a coffee stall, where I stand treat.

You may sometimes wonder why I write so much about islands, and indeed I have noticed a certain restiveness in some of you on the subject. There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island. I dare say it is those islands that make you misunderstand me. I would feel as if I had left off clothing if I were to write without an island.

At present I am residing on an island. It is called Typee, and so you will not be surprised to hear that my companion's name is Fyaway. She is a dusky maid, composed of abstractions but not in the least elusive. She is just little bits of the golden girls who have acted for me and saved my plays. There is not one of them whom I have not watched for at the stage door and hissed ecstatically. She moves about my coral isle with the swallow-flights of Ellen Terry, and melts into the incomparable Maud Adams. She has Irene Vanbrugh's eyes to light the beacons to scare the ships away; and there are bits in her of many other dear sirens who, little aware of what I have plucked, think that they are appearing complete to-night in London.

Forbes-Robertson retired so that he could lend to us, on the island, his silver voice, and Du Maurier pulls in with Bancroft to make sure that we are not acting. There is no theatre as yet, but Charles Frohman is looking for a site. For the dead are here also, and you can hardly distinguish them from the living. The laughing Irving boys arrive in a skiff, trying to capsize each other; and on magic nights there is Sir Henry himself, pacing along the beach, a solitary figure. If Shakespeare were to touch upon our shores he would offer to sell us Fame at a penny the yard — no bidders. Sometimes a play is written and put into a bottle and cast into the sea. I expect it never reaches you; at any rate if it is whimsical that is not it. Fyaway has a native name for me which means 'The Inoffensive One.'

Come to our island when you feel you have been sufficiently mauled by the rocks of life, and we will give you grassy huts. You can still write your criticisms. Bring your bottles. As I may not pass this way again, I may say that A. B. W.'s hut stands waiting him, a specially attractive one with palms and a running stream. We had a long discussion about Mr. Shaw, but we have decided to let him land.

I thank you heartily, gentlemen, for the high honor you have done me. Mutual respect is, I am sure, all we ask of each other. It must be obvious to you that in making such a long speech I had two main objects: to try a new title on you — 'The Inoffensive Gentleman'; and to watch whether I thought you could stand one more island.

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IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC ORDER

BY IVAN KRNIC

[Ivan Krnic is a Croatian story-writer well known in his own country. The story translated here appears in a collection of his shorter tales and sketches.]

MATIJA VRBOVAC, the City Secretary of Public Order, was obviously subject to fits of madness; but he was not aware of that unhappy condition in his mentality. What was more, he always held himself in high esteem and considered his mind and abilities in general superior to those of other city officials, which is the usual way with mad people. Often when he spoke of this or that man — even of his immediate superior, the Prefect — he was wont to call him 'that old pinhead.'

Neither did his fellow city officials consider him mad. They thought he was merely peculiar in some respects. After the forenoon office hours he used to go to the inn, like all other men, to have some beer, read the newspapers, and make remarks on that all-absorbing subject — woman. In the evening he would go to the inn again, meet with his cronies, and drink and talk and sing, like other men.

Of course, one had to keep in mind that the position of the Secretary of Public Order and Safety was no sinecure. Was it not a matter of record that on the streets of this same city, not so many years before, there had been occasional shootings, with which Secretaries of Public Order had to deal? Also, was it not still well remembered that a judge was once killed in the courtroom? Little wonder, therefore, that Matija Vrbovac executed his duties in the Department of Public Order in a manner that his fellow city officials described as peculiar, and that many other people considered an indication of madness.

Yes, Matija Vrbovac was positively mad. A psychiatrist would have called it periodical madness, this so-called 'peculiarity.' His madness came upon him daily around half-past eight o'clock in the morning and left him shortly before noon, when he started for the inn to get his beer. So long as he was engaged in the performance of his duties, Matija was furious, enraged, carried away by his anger; yelling, howling and shouting; jumping about and hammering with his fist on the table; kicking and shoving people out of his office; blindly rushing about, as if helpless to control himself. Anyone who happened to see him for the first time in his office, between half-past eight and shortly before noon, could not help doubting Matija's sanity.

This streak of madness in Vrbovac's brain was to be ascribed to the fact that he was deeply convinced that his way was the only efficient way of dealing with the transgressors of the law — that in this way only could the people be brought quickest to their senses. He strongly condemned the dry and lazy manner of other officials. For instance, Marija Gjigumovich, the woman in the case, would not be greatly impressed by the mere dictation of a few dry phrases and facts to the clerk, who would write them into the court register as follows:

'Marija Gjigumovich, thirty-five years old, wife of a butcher, admits that on the twenty-third day of October she poured a pitcher of water from her window on the street. At the same time, Svjedok Krt, barber, complains that

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on the same day he was on his way to shave the public veterinary, and that in front of the house of butcher Gjigumovich some one poured a quantity of water on his head. Marija Gjigumovich is guilty, and is hereby fined five crowns.'

A dry way, indeed, to handle a case of such importance! Instead of dictating to the court clerk anything so commonplace, Matija Vrbovac would jump to his feet and begin:

'So you poured a pitcher of water from your window on the street. You, of all people! How could you have done such a reprehensible deed? I ask you! You, who are one of the foremost women in this city — you, who should be an example to others! God and thunder! (*Bang!* would go his fist on the table.) What will others do if *you* do such a thing! They will get barrels full of water and pour it from their windows on the street — that 's what they will do! What kind of a city is this going to be, then? Dirty, ill-smelling, dangerous to health — typhus, cholera! Do you know what typhus is, or cholera? It strangles people, chokes them. (By this time his eyes would be under a cloud, bulging out alarmingly.) What would have happened if, instead of the barber, some poor, infirm, helpless little baby had come along and received the volume of water from your pitcher? In this cold air, and wet to the skin — why, the baby would have caught a cold, its lungs would become inflamed, and two or three days later it would — *die!* (Once more Matija would bring his fist down on the table with all his might, and the woman would be crying.)

'Yes — die! And it might have been your own child! Ha, now you are crying — just like a woman! Why could n't you have thought of the possibilities before? Now you realize your thoughtlessness, your damnable carelessness, your stupidity. It might have been a helpless baby! It might have been the Judge himself! Think of what would have come of it, if the Judge had come along at the moment. And — God and thunder! — it might have been I — I myself, the Secretary of Public Order and Safety. Think, if I had come along! (Again he would strike the table top with his fist.) Do you suppose I walk about town to have you pour water on me from your window? (Vrbovac would now almost believe that, instead of the barber, he himself had been the victim of the woman's thoughtlessness.) I 'll teach you to be careful! I 'll teach you! Just wait a moment!'

And only then, after he had thus expressed his anger, would he turn to the court clerk and begin dictating for the register.

To-day Matija Vrbovac arrived at his office in an especially bad temper. In the waiting-room there were more than fifty persons, whom he had summoned to dispose of their cases. He shot a fierce look at the crowd and immediately he had that desirable fit of madness. They all bowed to him, some even dared to wish him a pleasant 'good morning.' The court clerk had been waiting for him, and before Secretary Vrbovac could remove his hat and overcoat he had in his hand a list of cases for the day.

The first case was: 'Vaso Pantelich: beat his wife — reported by the city policeman.' It was a case that Matija Vrbovac could deal with better than all the moral and humane associations in the world put together. Immediately after hanging up his coat and hat, he opened the door and shouted into the anteroom: 'Vaso Pantelich!'

A tall man emerged from the crowd. He was carrying a bag over his right shoulder and holding an official-looking paper in his left hand.

'I beg respectfully —' the man began as he entered; but he got no further.

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Secretary Vrbovac flared up with all his anger and contempt: 'You beg nothing! You low-down, bestial felon! You are already trying to give me a line of excuses, while the back of your poor wife is still aching from your blows!'

'I beg respect —'

'Hold your tongue! Don't try to tell me your never touched your wife! Day after day she works for you, slaves for you, her hands blistering, to give you comfort. And you beat her! Beat her instead of kissing her — yes, kissing her poor blistered hand. It's a shame that there is a man within the boundaries of our beautiful Croatia who dares to raise his hand against a woman. A shame!'

'I beg —'

'Keep still while I talk!' Matija Vrbovac was furious, banging his fist repeatedly on the top of the table. 'You are trying to lie to me, eh? A fine hero you are! Just look at him!' turning to the clerk. 'Beating his wife instead of kissing her blistered hand! Is such a person a man or a felon, a culprit?'

'I beg to —'

'That 's enough,' ordered Secretary Vrbovac. 'Not another word from you. You are meaner than the beasts in the jungle. You culprit! I refuse to have anything more to do with you. Eight days in jail! Take him away!'

The jailer appeared and started to remove the man from the room.

'But, *gospodine* —' Again the man attempted to say something.

'Take him away, I say,' repeated the Secretary. 'I refuse to have anything more to do with the felon.'

And the jailer pulled away the man who held an official-looking paper in his left hand.

The next case on the list was: 'Stevo Hasilo: used abusive language toward the city policeman.'

'Stevo Hasilo! Stevo Hasilo!' Secretary Vrbovac impatiently called into the anteroom.

Stevo Hasilo managed to force his way through the crowd to the door and entered the office, trembling in fear before the maddened Secretary of Public Order and Safety. Then followed another series of outbursts of Secretary Vrbovac's fury and wrath, directed toward this unfortunate transgressor of the law.

In the meantime, Dusan — this was the name of the jailer — and the man with the official-looking paper in his left hand were engaged in a conversation.

'Why should I serve eight days in this jail for nothing — innocently?' demanded the man.

'They all say they are innocent,' was the matter-of-fact answer from Dusan.

'But he jailed me for beating my wife when I never had a wife!'

'Anybody can say he has n't a wife. Do you think he would have given you eight days to serve if you were not guilty?'

'When he called that wife-beater's name, I waited for him to come forth; but as no one came, I entered the room. I was anxious to have the Secretary sign this permit for me. Instead of doing it, he locks me up!'

Dusan thought that was the best story he had ever heard, and laughed heartily.

The man with the official-looking paper in his hand continued: 'You are as crazy as that mad Secretary of Public Order. I will go to the Prefect and you and he shall lose your positions. Let me go to the Prefect!' he demanded.

The jailer held him back. 'Where do you think you are?' he asked, and added: 'Step into the cell! You can't scare me with the Prefect.'

But the man resisted; he would not enter the cell. Dusan then decided to use force; but as he tried to apply it,

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the man raised his huge hand and the next instant placed it in a very ungentle manner on the jailer's head.

The assaulted jailer ran away from the man. He hurried to report the outrageous incident to Secretary Vrbovac.

'He struck me on the head,' Dusan complained, out of breath. The Secretary could hardly understand him. 'That wife-beater, whom you have sentenced to eight days, struck me on the head and pushed my cap down over my eyes and ears.'

'What!' exclaimed Matija Vrbovac, incredulously.

Dusan managed to repeat his report. Vrbovac bellowed: 'Did n't I say he was nothing but a felon? A culprit? Bring him in; bring him in! I 'll teach him!'

The jailer left the room and promptly returned with the man, who was carrying a bag over his right shoulder and holding an official-looking paper in his left hand.

'Ah, there he is!' began the Secretary. 'I give him eight days, but the gentleman is not satisfied and assaults the jailer, a sworn public servant. But wait, you felon, this time I will handle you differently! What have you to say for yourself?'

'You are crazy — mad! You belong to a madhouse!' answered the man distinctly, looking straight at Matija Vrbovac.

As though he were going to drop, Matija staggered a few steps backward, fortunately caught the edge of the table, and opened his mouth. In all his life, in all his official career, nothing like this had ever occurred to him. It was worse than having the butcher's wife pour a pitcher of water from the window on his head. Suddenly he became perfectly sane and normal.

'Why?' he asked the man quietly.

'Because you found me guilty of beating my wife, although I never had a wife, and then sentenced me to eight days in jail, when I came here only to have you sign this permit for me.'

'But are n't you that — that — Vaso Pantelich?'

'No,' the man answered. 'How could I be Vaso Pantelich when I am Milan Kneževich, a landowner, who comes to you every year to get these permits signed?'

But the cloud of Matija's madness was again spreading over his face, for it was still two hours before noon, when his duties for the morning must be completed.

'Why did n't you tell me that before?' he shouted, enraged, furious.

'I tried to, but you did n't let me.'

'I did n't let you! You dare to say that? I am a great believer in liberty, and allow anybody to say anything he wishes to, but I cannot permit anybody to assault a public servant. Do you know what it means to be a public servant? The man whom you struck is a public servant. He is a defender of law and order, an organ of authority. And you struck him! You struck this unselfish servant of the people! There are few crimes greater than your crime. Now, what can I do with you? If I should again lock you up, you might kill the jailer. If I should turn you over to the State Attorney, you will be as good as sentenced to a couple of years in the State Penitentiary. But I am a liberal-minded man, a man of big heart. I will leave it to you for decision. Now: I will either turn you over to the State Attorney's office, or lock you up here for fourteen days. Open your mouth; which do you choose?'

'Well, *gospodine*, I 'll take the fourteen days,' meekly breathed Milan Kneževich, the man who had come to the Office of Public Order to get a permit signed.

'All right; take him away!' ordered Secretary Vrbovac, adding: 'And bread

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and water every other day. I 'll teach him!'

Jailer Dusan led out his submissive prisoner, while Matija Vrbovac opened the door to the waiting-room and shouted: 'Vaso Pantelich! The felon who beats his wife — Vaso Pantelich!'

'Here I am, *gospodine* Secretary!' came a meek answer from a remote corner of the room. 'Here I am!'

And Matija Vrbovac, the Secretary of Public Order, handled the wife-beating case all over again, in his usual 'peculiar' manner.

CONVERSATIONS IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

BY A CORRESPONDENT

[*We reprint below the account of a remarkable experience of a correspondent of the London* Times *during his war service with the British in the East. The name of the writer is withheld.*]

From the London *Times*
(Northcliffe Press)

He lived (still lives, as far as I know) at Kermanshah. During the summer months of 1918, I was stationed there. The British camp was admirably situated on a rise of ground to the east of the town. After the day's work we used to sit in the open, the great valley, flanked by towering rock-mountains, stretching from our feet to where the colossal cliff of Behistun, that sentinel of the ages, has frowned upon the hurrying armies of a dozen dynasties and sheltered the warriors of every clime and creed, from Darius to Dunsterville.

This scene held me spellbound throughout the June evenings, while the setting sun painted it with all the colors of the rainbow; but the heat of July sharpened my desire to explore the shaded gardens below the town, and one day, late in the afternoon, I left the camp and wandered through the garden-suburb of Kermanshah.

For perhaps half an hour I strolled aimlessly between mud walls, now and again obtaining glimpses of luxurious nature through crevices and half-open doors. Every garden was a song to the trespasser. At last I could bear it no longer. Directly in front of me was a door that invited a push. Its nails were rusty and its cracks were filled with moss. I quite expected to find that it had taken root in the ground, and gave it a fairly muscular push in consequence. The whole door instantly gave way and fell, with much snapping of twigs and swishing of brambles, into the bushes beyond. I walked in, replaced the door, together with certain portions of the wall that had collapsed with it, and began to trespass in good earnest.

Before I had walked twenty yards, temptation came my way. I suddenly noticed that the color of the ground under me was a reddish-purple. 'Mulberries!' I shouted. Forgetting the respect due to beauty and the rights of

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property, I went down on my knees and surrendered to them.

'Monsieur!'

I started up and tried to look as much like the officer of a victorious army as was possible under the circumstances.

A Persian stood before me. He was tall, over six feet, and slight, and rather bent. He must have been a trifle beyond middle age, for his beard was iron-gray; yet his face was that of a man little over thirty-five. He was clothed in spotless white, a band of gold braid was round his waist, and his feet were sandaled. Altogether the immediate impression was that of a peaceful, studious man, though there was something in the large black eyes that made one wonder.

The moment I was on my feet he salaamed graciously, and, speaking in perfect French, asked me to join him over a glass of tea. I expressed my delight at the invitation, and together we walked through the trees and bushes to a beautiful square of grass. Here we reclined on several gorgeous Kirman rugs that were spread in the shade. He clapped his hands and tea was brought to us. Brass bowls, heaped with peaches and mulberries, were also set before me. For a while we talked amiable nothings in French, when suddenly he betrayed a knowledge of English; and though he persistently refused to talk our language, it appeared that one of his chief pleasures was to read it.

Mahmud (for that was his name) was a wealthy man who lived the life of a student and a recluse. He seemed to have read fairly extensively in English and French literature, and he gave his opinions quite frankly. Here are a few extracts from our first talk: —

'How have you managed to collect your library?' I asked.

'Quite simply,' he replied. 'My brother, Bahram, is a merchant. He lives in Bagdad and has an office in Bombay. He sends me the catalogues of a bookshop in Bombay. I tell him what I want. The steamers and the donkeys do the rest.'

'You have a long time to wait for new books, then?'

'A year more or less is little to the seeker of knowledge.'

'Do you only read for knowledge, never for pleasure?' I said.

'What is the distinction?' he countered. 'My learning is my pleasure. Wisdom and Happiness go hand-in-hand — except, I gather, in England.'

'Where have you gathered that?'

'From the novels of Mr. Wells.'

'Please explain.'

'Certainly.' He lit a cigarette and continued: 'All through them the acquisition of knowledge is held up as a sacrificial virtue — as something rather unpleasant to be done, the doing of which ennobles the doer. The hero of nearly all his books since the *New Machiavelli* has been, I suppose, a portrait of himself as the priest chosen by God to tell the multitude that salvation lies in the polytechnic schools. Now if your people were really fond of knowledge, its importance would not have to be impressed upon them in every novel written by one of their leading writers. A great teacher says that men should become like little children. But Mr. Wells thinks they ought to become like professors of biology. It is a great stride. But who can say the professor knows more than the child, especially if he is artificially crammed? And knowledge should be sought, not administered. A wry knowledge is a dry knowledge. It bears no fruit.'

His garden was simply another Eden. Oaks, elms, poplars, and beeches abounded, — and these were paradise enough to the desert-sated man I then was, — but they were commonplace

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beside the rich profusion of mulberry, peach, fig, and apricot trees. The entire garden seemed to be canopied with mulberry trees, and the ground was peppered with white and purple mulberries.

Many pages of my diary at that time are filled with an English translation of our talks, — for I need scarcely say I saw him as often as duty permitted, — jotted down immediately after their occurrence. Owing to his unsophisticated outlook on life, much that he said was novel, and all was entertaining, though I can hardly claim for my idiomatic translation the verbal felicity with which he could endow an original or commonplace thought.

Mahmud had shown himself keenly interested in certain aspects of modern English literature, and one day I asked him what he thought of Mr. H. G. Wells as a writer.

'He is the best novelist you have had since Dickens,' he replied, putting a *Monsieur* before the name of the latter, 'but he will not be read fifty years after his death as Dickens is. There is a restful quality about all the highest art, and I do not know a more restless writer than Mr. Wells. He is very anxious to know and reveal all there is to be known and revealed about everything, and particularly anxious to know and reveal every aspect of himself. Sometimes he exiles his characters and makes them meditate among the mountains. But it's unnatural. He could never do it himself. He seems to me to live in an express train, rushing in a very disorderly manner from place to place, but never stopping anywhere for more than a minute. And all his principal characters would be most suitably employed in the same pursuit. If only he could rest a little, tear himself away from that express train, he would create great characters and, perhaps, write an epic.

'That is why I think he will die with his generation. There is always a sense of incompleteness, of something wanting, in his work. It never quite satisfies. It is too hurried. The express train is no doubt useful in some countries, but you surely do not wish to live in it? There are the stars and the skies. Perhaps he feels the lack himself, and for that reason forces his characters to meditate among the mountains. But they don't really meditate. They meander. Of course they can't help it. It's in their blood. It's in their creator's blood. Don't you think so?'

I had to admit that I had n't thought so, though I quite appreciated his point of view.

'You have mentioned Dickens,' I said, 'and I would like to hear your opinion of him.'

My Persian friend mused for a minute while he rolled and lighted another cigarette.

'It is strange,' he answered, 'to talk of your Western literature. I am not used to it. Very, very few Persians read the English and French masters. I have a friend who lives at Shiraz. We write to one another on these subjects, but rarely meet. The rest of my scholar-acquaintances only read Persian, Arabic, and Urdu. It is strange, too, that I have never met an Englishman, except yourself, interested in such matters. Frenchmen — yes! There are many. They talk of Verlaine and *Madame Bovary*. Yet Flaubert is a small man beside your Dickens. Why are the English so unpatriotic?'

'Our patriotism expresses itself in other directions,' I replied, laughing. 'We are explorers, pioneers, colonizers. Our greatest literature has been produced in the days of our greatest adventures, and Raleigh eclipsed Shakespeare in the popular imagination, just as Livingstone eclipsed Dickens.'

'But was not *Hamlet* a greater adventure than the Spanish Main?' he

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asked; 'and *David Copperfield* a more notable discovery than the Victoria Falls?'

'Some of us think so,' I rejoined, 'but we are in a minority.'

'Dickens,' he went on, 'was a giant in an age of giants. Who can help admiring him as one of the very few great type-creators of the universe? For sheer versatility in literary portrait-painting he is unrivaled, unapproached. I refer solely to the world of comedy and *bizarrerie*. Shakespeare has a far deeper insight, but not his variety. Cervantes has neither his variety, nor his keen sense of contrast. Rabelais lacks nearly all the specific artist qualities except the mere gift of expression, which he uses with such effect that no character in Dickens can be compared with the amazing portrait Rabelais gives of himself. True, Dickens created nothing as great as Falstaff, Justice Shallow, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, or Rabelais. But while Shakespeare, for instance, was painting, and afterward copying in little, two or three world-masterpieces, Dickens was hanging a national gallery.

'If only he had concentrated in the manner of Cervantes and Rabelais, if only he had brought all his great characters within a smaller compass, he would stand almost shoulder to shoulder with Shakespeare. Alas, he sprawled! One has to wade through thirty volumes to extract that marvelous essence which, in three volumes, would have captured the world. A hundred pities! Yet, take him as he stands, his greatness is such that I, for one, will continue to wade.'

It was n't always easy to get Mahmud to talk. He was by nature shy and contemplative. He hated argument. Whenever I persisted in a point of view he would smile, politely dismiss the subject with a wave of the hand, and roll another cigarette.

One evening we discussed Bernard Shaw. I could n't agree with most of his views, but as I have made it my duty to record a cultured Persian's opinion on certain English writers, I must n't admit here the frequent protestations to which I subjected him. It began by my remarking that Shaw was a greater influence among us than Shakespeare.

'Which proves that you have become a nation of imperialists!' he exclaimed.

'I don't quite follow you,' I said.

'It is surely very simple,' he continued. 'Mr. Shaw's whole attitude toward life is that of the ruler, the disciplinarian. You may call the ruler "Cæsar" or "the State." It comes to the same thing in the end. Absolute power, absolute subservience to an idea — what is the difference?'

'In England we call Kipling an imperialist,' I broke in; 'and if you called Shaw one over there, you 'd be laughed at.'

'Mr. Kipling?' he queried. 'Why, he is a pure individualist. His imperialism is simply the happy flag-waving of a schoolboy in holiday-time. That is high spirits, not imperialism — the high spirits of Shakespeare, Fielding, Johnson, Dickens, and all the great typical Englishmen. But Mr. Shaw belongs to quite a different school, which is not by any means typically English — the school of Cromwell, Milton, Bunyan, and Carlyle. They are all dreadfully serious men. Their jokes are even more serious than their prayers. They would enslave the world on behalf of Freedom. And what a Freedom! Under their imperial sway one would be free — to do what? To dance, to sing, to eat, to enjoy beauty, to live? No. One would be free to work, and when work was no longer necessary, one would be free to do more work, and then more. All, remember, for an ideal — a fetish! A grim pastime, indeed.

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When will the world turn from Calvin, whose God was Duty, to Confucius, whose God was Delight?'

'But at least,' I said, 'you will allow that Shaw is a delightful writer — hardly, in his works, the kind of monstrosity you suggest?'

'He has carefully dressed his essential message in garments of delicious verbiage, but that is a mere convention demanded by the age and is no more important than the fact that his clothes are made of tweed while John Milton's were made of homespun. The leopard cannot change his spots, though he can easily disguise himself in a calfskin.

'Yet what an artist will perish with Bernard Shaw!' he went on. 'The greatest man who has seriously striven with English drama since Shakespeare. What a priceless possession a dozen plays by him *might* have been! His extraordinary genius has been frittered away by the social agitations of his time. Why, oh, why could n't he have been content to write pamphlets on problems and plays on people? His gift for critical characterization is unique. But nearly all his work was "mortalized" simply because he steadily refused to recognize that the function of the poet and the function of the propagandist should never be confused. I speak, however, from an entirely selfish point of view. You may consider yourselves extremely fortunate that he has confused them.'

'How?' I asked.

'Because,' he replied, 'by confusing the pulpit with the drama he vitiated his message. He confined his audience to playgoers and play-readers — or, in other words, to those who insist on being amused rather than improved, and to that small minority whose intelligence is sufficient to be either for or against him from the start. But what, after all, does it matter? Why should the King of Jesters be anything more or anything better than he is? He is sufficient unto his day; he has written one or two masterpieces that will live; and he must have laughed at his audiences quite as much as they have laughed at him. Lucky mortal!'

'I still don't understand why we may consider ourselves fortunate that his message has been lost to us," I remarked.

'Ah! How can you — a lover of Shakespeare, as you have confessed — ask me that? Shakespeare! whose sense of freedom lives in his very lines. Shakespeare! whose strong humanity burst the shackles of classic tradition and produced a drama as native as his own countryside. Shakespeare! who breathes the universe. Has n't it ever struck you as curious that all the greatest men were supremely national, typical of their race and country? Each was born at a time when the mightiness of his nation was not out of proportion to its means. In Queen Elizabeth's time, Englishmen understood England thoroughly; and as a consequence, their greatest son understood the world thoroughly.

'But now your Empire is too big for you. You don't know what to do with it. Your place in the sun is getting uncomfortably warm — a fact that is reflected in your literature. It was because Shakespeare knew exactly what he was after that he was great. It is because your moderns are n't quite certain what they are looking for that they are — what they are!'

'But Shaw knows (or thinks he knows) what he is looking for,' I persisted.

Mahmud smiled, waved his hand courteously, and rolled another cigarette.

One of the pleasantest talks I ever had with Mahmud was during my last visit to Persia in the summer of 1919.

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My notes of that final meeting are fuller and more exact than those of the previous summer, when we were busy campaigning. In the interim he had visited Bagdad, and together we had gone to a performance of *Hamlet* by Indians. After a fortnight's stay in Mesopotamia he had returned to Kermanshah laden with books. The subject we discussed during that last séance under the mulberry trees was the art of biography.

I can still see him reclining there, smoking a dozen cigarettes to the hour, his large dark eyes holding mine, leaning his head on one arm and using the other to emphasize what he was saying. I had ventured the remark that there were a few, a very few, great English biographies.

'Can you mention a single biography, produced in England, that is read for its own sake on the Continent?' he asked.

'Surely Boswell and Carlyle have their followers?' I parried, not feeling quite certain of my ground.

'Carlyle, yes — perhaps — but not Boswell,' he replied. 'Carlyle is certainly read in Germany, but not on his own merits. He is read because he is the only English historian who has something in common with Mommsen; also because he glorified Frederick the Great. In any case, he is a writer of histories rather than biographies. His "Cromwell" — a magnificent piece of history — is anything but a good biography. The subject is swamped in a morass of insignificant data; and brevity is the soul of biography.

'No,' he went on; 'there will never be an art of biography in England until its writers understand (1) that a real "Life" affords infinitely better scope for a novel than a fictitious one, and (2) that truth is more exciting and more exalted than fiction. I have not yet read Mr. Strachey, of whom you speak so highly. I hope to do so one day. But, as far as my own experience goes, there is not a single honest biography in the English language. All are marred by the absurd glorification of their heroes, and all are much too long. They are no more true to life than stage melodramas, and have n't even the excuse of being mildly thrilling. Boswell, of course, is wonderful. His work is a masterpiece of journalism. He is one of the world's finest reporters, with a keener eye than Sheridan for a good scene, and easily the best literary photographer in English. But the great biographer must be a painter, not a photographer — a Rembrandt, not a Daguerre. He must seek out the soul of his subject, finding it in this piece of tittle-tattle, in that public gesture. His art will be judged by what he leaves out just as much as by what he puts in. Selection, condensation, dramatic use of significant details — these are the essentials. He must know when the trivial is vital and when the imposing is redundant. He must maintain an attitude of strict neutrality, giving an ear equally to the praises of the dining-room and the strictures of the servants' hall.'

'In that case,' I interrupted, 'unless he is superhuman, he ought never to have been on familiar terms with the subject of his work.'

'He should never have spoken to him!' answered Mahmud promptly. 'Personal contact blurs the vision. There is nothing so dangerous to truth as intimate knowledge. You have only to think how one man's personality affects any two people quite differently, in order to realize how absolutely necessary it is for a biographer to examine his subject from a distance. The mere fact that a man has both friends and enemies proves this conclusively. Believe me, intimacy is fatal to biography. It demoralizes. Influence, one way or another, is bound to creep in, and impartiality is sure to creep out. No; a

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man's friends should write personal sketches of him — his enemies as well — and every aspect will help the biographer to paint the final portrait. The tradition that only a disciple can be trusted to write a man's "Life" has, more than anything else, ruined biographical literature in your country.'

Mahmud paused here for a moment. Then, smiling slightly, he finished his discourse: —

'The best touches in English biography are, in fact, unconscious on the part of the writer, and therefore self-revealing. The most vivid pages in Boswell owe their charm to the biographer's ignorance of his own little foibles. And there is an unforgettable sentence in Izaak Walton's *Life of Mr. George Herbert* that must have given pleasure to thousands for the same reason. If you remember, Walton had described how a Mr. Ferrar lived with his family and friends; how, between them, they read or sang the whole book of Psalms, without stopping for an instant, every twenty-four hours; how, when several fainted with the exertion, a bell was rung and they were relieved by several more; and how this curious custom was observed every day and night throughout the year for nine years. Walton concludes: "Thus did Mr. Ferrar and his happy family serve God day and night."'

From the expression of delight in Mahmud's face while he summarized this famous incident, I am inclined to think he will appreciate the works of Mr. Lytton Strachey.

GEORGE SAND'S LITERARY DÉBUT

BY MARCEL LAURENT

From *Le Figaro, June* 11
(LIBERAL-NATIONALIST DAILY)

WE have rediscovered a charming chapter in the history of George Sand. It is not a flower culled from her romantic prime, for this fragment comes from a George Sand less famous than the imaginative writer of the delightful novels, a Sand devoted to observation and anecdote, who seems to have judged the work of others only to point out its merits, gladly seizing every opportunity to show her kindliness and to bear witness to a sincere humility — in sharp contrast with harsher literary critics who write only as judges, flippant and severe.

Our discovery is a group of scattered memories, collected under the title, *Around the Table*, as if suggesting an evening passed before a flaming hearth, with a group of interesting and intelligent people.

One of these chapters, or rather one of these scattered bits that have been stitched together, is an obituary notice piously devoted to the memory of M. Delatouche, a man whom George Sand held in particular esteem as an almost infallible guide, a learned master, and a man of extraordinarily lucid and exact intuition. A newspaper man, a

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chronicler, and a poet, M. Delatouche some ninety years ago enjoyed such a literary reputation that George Sand felt an exaggerated sense of her own incapacity in asking his opinion upon her first attempts — for she thought no other opinion could equal his in importance. How could it then be supposed that in time to come the chief claim to glory of that conscientious writer — too much neglected to-day — would be the praises of the woman who was then his timid and willing pupil? M. Delatouche protected George Sand in the beginning. He encouraged her to write, — with good judgment, — and for that contribution to the prestige of French literature we owe him a great debt of gratitude.

When, shortly after the Revolution of 1830, at the age of twenty-six, already the mother of a family, separated from her husband, and compelled to face the future, Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant, reached Paris in company with her daughter, Solange, the first person whom she went to see was M. Delatouche. There was a special reason for this haste. Like herself, M. Delatouche was a native of Berry. His family and the family of the future George Sand had long been on the most cordial terms as neighbors. Moreover, this privileged man had then an established position in the capital. He was living by his pen. He was contributing to the newspapers. Is it surprising that, at a little distance, his ability might have been mistaken for greatness?

He was the counselor to whom the young girl from the province dreamed of appealing, a girl without money, brave, modest — indeed of excessive modesty; something, too, of a musician, a dabbler in all the arts, who knew how to paint flowers on fans and snuffboxes — somewhat exaggerating perhaps her various amateur talents. She had already written for her own amusement without ever thinking of writing for the amusement of a reader.

Nothing could less resemble the irresistible impulse of an imperious desire than the hesitation of this aristocratic lady upon the difficult roads that might be open to her. There was, indeed, a scruple that held her back from the idea of handing over to the public her intimate sensations. Her very genius concealed its existence. The god in her was silent. Sand bore within herself a treasure that she scarcely suspected, and one may ask whether it would ever have been revealed had the completion of her family duties given to the Baronne Dudevant, a fashionable lady with a good income, the wherewithal to nourish her intellectual activity.

So great an ascendancy had M. Delatouche established over her, that if he had pronounced this implacable verdict: 'My dear child, paint if you want to, but don't write,' the Baronne Dudevant would probably never have hunted for a publisher. At the time when she came to place herself under his guidance, M. Delatouche was barely forty-five years old. His opinions passed for excellent. Balzac was glad to gather them up and Jules Sandeau dutifully dreamed on them for inspiration.

M. Delatouche practically offered to beginners, who were worthy of his care, the fine sieve of an experience that expressed itself without scruple and without reticence, very well controlled, without useless gentleness; and he offered criticism, too, pitilessly hunting down weaknesses of style. He ridiculed the clumsy attempt or condemned the unsuitable image so that one never knew when consulting him whether the manuscripts presented would be subjected to his red

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pencil, to his scissors, or to his waste-basket. There was nothing else to be uncertain about.

It was a rude school, but it inspired confidence in this woman of the world, who was glad to undergo an inflexible, professional discipline. This treatment pleased her; this correction was a talisman. The beginner treated her old friend like a professor. And what else was he? Not only did he, amid his bitter remarks, give copious reasons for compelling his listener to sacrifice the passages that gave her the most satisfaction; but he also completed her practical education by pointing out to her the authors who would be most profitable in promoting her own development.

Though M. Delatouche struck terror to the heart of every one of his cénacle, the trembling young men who made it up were not without hope of the final recompense of their renewed endeavors. The master published every week a satirical newspaper called *Figaro*. It was the first *Figaro*. Did he not now and then recruit an occasional collaborator among his ardent disciples? The *Figaro* of these days was the distant goal reserved for the best pupils — that is, for those who had learned most from their daily lesson.

The study of the narrow attic apartment on the Quai Malaquais, where M. Delatouche lived, thus became a classroom where a course for apprentice writers was held, and Madame Dudevant and five or six neophytes, especially Jules Sandeau and Félix Pyat, came regularly to learn their trade. The *patron* looked over the work of his students, installed them over paper and ink, and provided a subject. That subject, drawn from the life of the day, was to serve for the theme of a careful article or for a lively but substantial paragraph which, if it was accepted, would take its place proudly in a department of the newspaper called *Bigarrures*.

'*Allons, mes enfants*,' good old M. Delatouche would say, 'wit, verve, color, clever words! Be amusing, I beg you!'

Then he would take out his watch, and add: 'I 'll gather up your copy in an hour.'

Félix Pyat did not falter. Sandeau set courageously to work, gayly writing what was ordered. As for Madame Dudevant, let us listen to the story she herself tells of these friendly scenes when, twenty years after her first endeavors, as the author of thirty-five famous works, she was looking back over the bitter road of her early days: —

> I saw very quickly that whereas the others were in the first flush of their youth and capable of swift and successful improvisation, I myself was appallingly inept and clumsy. I had to ponder three days before I could make my point, before the words would come. My brain had a painful slowness. M. Delatouche used to choose subjects for me that lent themselves to narrative treatment. If he picked up some rather sentimental story, he kept it for me to do, but I felt myself too much restricted in the space of a half-column. I did not know how to begin or end within that rigid space. When I had just begun to begin, it was time to stop. Space was full. This puzzling of my brain, this heaviness of thought, this need to develop all my thought to make anything coherent — all these qualities M. Delatouche kindly and bravely tried in every way to overcome.

Out of the struggle of those stormy days, George Sand, the apprentice editor of *Figaro*, brought an enduring feeling of kindly veneration for the good M. Delatouche. She shows him to us with the smiling grace of a princess who might be pronouncing the name of her foster father.

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PLAINS OF DAWN

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*New Witness*]

THE lists are drawn!
I see the clouds meet in concourse
Upon the embattled plains of dawn.
Thunder of horse,
The battle meets,
Armies of day, armies of night!
Blood from the empyrean fight
Drips on the streets.
The sharp swords wheel,
Armies of black confusion reel.
The swung swords stark
Crash through the bones of doubt and dark,
Splintering of blades!
Tossing of plumes, the white winds shout,
Armies of doubt in toppling rout
Screech to the shades!

Until a bird of morning sings —
Assured, superb, on sea and town,
Upborne on blue tremendous wings,
Day laughs down!

SUMMER TRYST

BY IANTHE JERROLD

[*Spectator*]

WHEN the long day from quiet dawn
Has come to quietness again,
And eve, advancing through the trees,
Stretches long fingers o'er the lane,
Then from the farm, across the field
Of shut-eye daisies quick I go,
And through the churchyard where old yews
Guard the poor dead who lie below.

I know who 's waiting down the road,
Thinking 'She 's late,' and 'She 'll not come,'
I 'll see him first, where I walk hid
Behind the yew trees in the gloom.
Oh! how the thrush among the graves
Cries 'Joy!' and 'Joy!' and 'Gay!' and 'Gay!'
My heart thrills to his tiny heart.
Ah, shall I hurry, or delay?

Alas! poor dead, who lie so still,
So hid, so deaf to that shrill call,
And never hear my footsteps pass,
However quickened; nor the fall
Of ripe yew-berries on the stones
Which lie so heavy on their bed. . . .
Ah! low beneath the thrush's note
A whistle sounds. . . . Poor dead!
Poor dead!

FABLE

BY SYLVIA LYND

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHERE the white lane meets with the green,
The year's first butterflies are seen;
Here settling upon leaf or stone,
They spread their colors in the sun.

This is the chosen trysting-place
Of butterflies' whole painted race:
Hither the gentle, favoring wind
Of spring shall bring to each his kind.

See, ever full of hope and love,
The basker leap to her above
At the first bursting of her shadow —
Over the hedge, across the meadow!

But ah, how fortune mocks delight!
The tortoise-shell pursues the white,
The yellow brimstone tracks the shade,
Zigzag, the splendid peacock made.

Swiftly the fair day droops and dies
Above unmated butterflies:
Again, again, and yet again,
Comes the wrong lover down the lane.

Though still deceived they still return
To wait, to hope, perchance to mourn—
Alas, poor fools, how must they rue
Who but a flickering shade pursue!

Happier we and wiser far
Than these misguided insects are,
For whom both life and love are lost
At the first touch of evening frost.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

CARDINAL GASQUET AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS

CARDINAL GASQUET'S stupendous task — previously described in the *Living Age* — of examining and classifying the historical documents in the Archives of the Vatican has progressed as far as the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The Cardinal has already published a brochure on the relations between Great Britain and the Holy See between 1792 and 1806, the period when diplomatic relations were first resumed after a break of two hundred years.

The Rome correspondent of the *Times* gives a picture of Cardinal Gasquet at his work: —

Down a long room where a dozen bespectacled students of all ages sat at desks, making notes from great volumes of manuscript propped up in front of them, through two rooms where there were priests consulting catalogues of the books that lined the walls, and then up a narrow flight of stairs to a large, simple room where Cardinal Gasquet, the Prefect of the Vatican Archives, sat working at a table near the window — a window looking out on that strange, quiet, and busy State, the Vatican.

I had hoped to be able to copy many of the letters in the Archives which have an especial interest for Great Britain, for Cardinal Gasquet had spoken of their existence to the *Times* when he was in London last summer. But when I was shown the work that remains to be done, I realized the impossibilities of my task, for only half the manuscripts dealing with Great Britain have been arranged as yet, and Cardinal Gasquet has already worked on them for four years or so. Ultimately there will be ten volumes dealing with Great Britain and two dealing with Ireland. Possibly lest I should be so mistaken as to think that there was not much to show for his labors, the Cardinal took me downstairs and allowed me to see the raw material on which he worked.

We passed through two large rooms, entirely lined with vellum-bound volumes of 'Supplications' to the various Popes, into a locked room filled with cardboard files. Files for Mexico, files for Belgium, files for, I imagine, most of the countries of the world, all waiting for the student and the historian to sort out and put in order. Here and there on the table or on one of the files lay a letter in the handwriting of some Pope of a former century, and I noticed at least one file labeled 'Letters of Sovereigns.'

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ANTIQUITIES AND INIQUITIES

TRADERS in fraudulent antiquities of the ancient Eastern civilizations have received some entirely unintentional assistance from the authorities of the British Museum, who would like to be the forger's worst enemies. When Lower Mesopotamia was occupied by the British forces, many of the officers and men were stirred with the desire to know something about ancient Babylon and wrote home for books on the subject. Hundreds of the Museum's guidebooks were sent out to them and, as months went by, some of these got into the hands of the professional imitators of antiquities, who were not slow in making good — or bad — use of the information thus available.

Naturally, the troops were just as hungry for souvenirs as their brothers on the Western Front, and the dealer in fraudulent antiques profited accordingly. Gradually these articles reached England, and many were brought to the British Museum, where in almost every case they were found to be forgeries, although an occasional genuine antique did turn up. Not long ago, one man brought a handsome

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green stone cylinder-seal with the sign of the sunrise beautifully cut upon it. The official to whom it was shown found that it was inscribed with the name of Addu, the Scribe. He recognized it at once as a copy of the cylinder that was already in the Museum, and he was able to show the astonished owner a picture of the original that had inspired his reproduction.

The Egyptian trade in antiquities, most of which go to tourists, has become almost a joke, although there are men, especially in Alexandria, who are skillful enough to find it worth their time to try to deceive experts. When the figures are carved from genuinely ancient wood, stolen from old coffins and actually taken from the tombs, even a specialist may be puzzled. The London *Times* finds it convenient to lay the blame on the much-berated American tourist. 'The fakers of old and curious things would have a comparatively lean time,' it says, 'if it were not for American tourists.'

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A PLAY BY KNUT HAMSUN

THE Stage Society of London, that admirable organization which has given the English theatregoing public so many productions of plays that otherwise might never have reached the stage, has just presented a play by the Norwegian novelist and Nobel Prize man, Knut Hamsun. It is called *The Gates of the Kingdom*, and was written nearly twenty-five years ago; but though it has been played with some success in Scandinavia and Germany, it has not before been presented in English.

The play is typically Scandinavian. The inevitable atmosphere of gloom, the picture of souls struggling in a web of little, sordid cares, and the persistent symbolism that is felt at every moment but that nevertheless defies analysis, are all there; but the play is said to lack Ibsen's dramatic power, the swiftness of movement, and capacity for tense emotion. In other words, Hamsun is not a dramatist, but a great novelist who writes plays.

The action passes in the household of Ivan Kareno — a young and uncompromising challenger of the social order in the most approved Scandinavian dramatic tradition. Financial troubles hang over the household that may even lead to the seizing of his wife's treasured silver candlesticks, which apparently are a part of the symbolism of the play. The curtain finally falls, after the wife has fled back to her parents, with Kareno calmly waiting to receive the broker's men, — who have just been announced by the servant, — coming to levy on all he owns. The London *Morning Post* comments thus on the play: —

> To English ideas there is something a little ridiculous in such a situation, and that it did not appear ridiculous in the actual presentation is a tribute both to the author and to the actors. But, with the best will in the world, it is difficult to feel the sympathies deeply moved for this Kareno. Terrible as he is supposed to be as a critic and thinker, he appears in his quality of man to be a particularly feeble and ineffective person. The fighting spirit which inspires his books, and which has reduced him to poverty by antagonizing those in authority, does not appear in his conduct, which is that of a dreamy and self-centred drifter. He treats his wife with a neglect which turns her devotion to bitter revolt; and, whether it is the author's intention or not, all sympathy is for the wife. . . .
>
> In Kareno's battle for his principles, and rejection of all compromise, there is a sense of unreality. His quarrel with the fellow student, who surrenders faith to expediency in order to be able to marry, leaves the impression of much ado about nothing. But in what happens to Elina — in the development of her character under the stress of events — it is impossible not to feel the

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liveliest interest. But who can say whether she has really burnt her boats, or is just arranging to give her husband a lesson? The one thing that is not left in doubt is the arrival of the broker's men. But what is exactly the significance of the silver candlesticks that are found to be only plate; and of the stuffed falcon with wings outspread, as if in the very act of flight? The truth is, one feels that it does not very much matter. . . .

When all is said, there is enough in the *Gates of the Kingdom* — whose boundaries, by the way, were never defined — to make one anxious to see something by Knut Hamsun that was written more recently than twenty-five years ago.

*

MORE ABOUT MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

NEW facts about the life and character of Marie Bashkirtseff are promised in France. Although the young Russian artist's painting in the *plein air* school of Bastien-Lepage made a great impression in Paris in the 1880's, it was not until after her early death that her journal, which caused a profound literary sensation, was published. The journal was even then acknowledged to be a mere selection from the voluminous diaries that she had kept during her childhood, and even at the time of publication it was said that they had been considerably altered in preparing them for the press.

For years the complete diaries remained in the possession of the two women whom together the young artist called her 'mothers' — the real Mme. Bashkirtseff and her sister. These ladies lived in entire seclusion in a villa at Nice, but the Russian Revolution involved them in such utter financial disaster that neither of them long survived. The diary has now come into the possession of a French journalist, who promises to make public new portions of the journal, which are said to be even more intimate and revealing than the old.

CONRAD IN THE EYES OF HIS OWN PEOPLE

IT is not often that a writer is applauded by the people whom he writes about. Certainly Mr. Bernard Shaw has never been honored with the approval of the British middle classes. It seems scarcely probable that Dorsetshire's rustics wait eagerly for each successive Hardy novel. Nor is it recorded in any written history that the Five Towns have been uproarious in their appreciation of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

With Mr. Joseph Conrad — as any Conrad enthusiast is willing to assure you at any moment — it is different. On the coasts of the Gulf of Papua his books are read and appreciated, if we may trust a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*.

He describes a dismal period of several months in the mountainous interior of New Guinea, two weeks' march from the coast. Here he came upon an old English trader, living on the Gulf one hundred and fifty miles from any other white man's place, with the wildest of natives for his only companions for months on end. His library was a native-built house of thatch, and his books came to him only at long intervals, when the infrequent supply-schooner put in. Every room was lined with books whose bindings, and the edges of whose leaves, had been carefully varnished to protect them against the tropical insects. Scott was there in a complete edition, Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson, Dickens, and many others. But the old trader had never read any Conrad.

The traveler introduced him to *Almayer's Folly*. It was the first Conrad novel he had ever read, and it so delighted him that he was more anxious to read the book and recite passages from it than to hear the news

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of the outer world, even though his visitor was the first white man he had seen for nearly a year.

Another book-lover whom this writer met in an unexpected place was the master of a lightship on the Inner Route of the Great Barrier Reef, which fringes the northeastern coast of Australia for a thousand miles. The old captain's cabin was filled with books, mostly by serious writers, and he handled them with a reverence that was almost pathetic. 'The only people who really live are those in books,' he said, as his visitor departed. 'All the others are dead.'

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A STUDENTS' METROPOLIS

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *London Times* gives further information on the new site for the 'University City' on the outskirts of Paris. Here dwellings will be erected where the students who now find Paris too crowded may secure lodging together. It is hoped that gradually most of the nations of the world will come to be represented.

The correspondent thus describes the new scheme: —

In all, the area acquired by the University is seventy-two acres, of which the Fondation Deutsch will occupy three and three-quarters acres. The ground lies high in one of the healthiest parts of Paris and the air is delicious. The area is bounded on the east by the former Porte de Gentilly, and on the west extends nearly to the Porte d'Orléans. Between the two, and close to the site already bespoken by the Fondation Deutsch, is the Porte d'Arcueil.

There will doubtless be resident tutors and lecturers in the University City, though the bulk of the lecturing and teaching will continue to take place in the famous Sorbonne and the other academic buildings of Paris; but communications are easy and Dr. Appell, the benign and businesslike Rector of the University, is already considering a special motor-omnibus service for the denizens of his city.

Already applications have been made by several nations — Great Britain, Canada, China, Indo-China, the United States, Scandinavia, and Belgium — for sites, and the ground allotted to Canada — about an acre — has already been reserved. It is the desire of the British Committee to place the British college by the side of the Canadian college. Both might share in a common library and other institutions, while the natural propinquity of the two colleges of the Empire would help in the work which is the ideal and the inspiration of the Rhodes Trust at Oxford.

British undergraduates at the University of Paris are happily no new phenomenon, but for several reasons they have not been so numerous as they might be. Apart from expense and the very real difficulty of finding accommodation, many English parents have hesitated at the idea of plunging their sons and daughters into the sea of careless dissipation which — with vague reminiscences of Murger's *La Vie de Bohême* — they imagine Paris university life to be. Under the University City scheme not even the most Mid-Victorian of parents need feel a tremor.

Each nation would make its own rules for its own colleges; and a discipline not irksome, but enforced, like that prevailing at Oxford and Cambridge, is considered by Sir Charles Walston and his friends as suitable for the British college. Students would be granted all reasonable liberty to see and enjoy Paris life, but a resident Warden or Rector would perform the same functions as a Dean at one of our older universities.

Thus the undergraduate at Paris would be indeed less wholly independent than is his fellow at the Scottish universities or the newer nonresidential foundations in England.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Excursions in Victorian Bibliography, by Michael Sadleir. London: Chaundy and Cox. 1922. 21*s.*

[S. N. Ellis in the *Sunday Times*]

CONTROVERSY is raging on the merits or demerits of the people of the Victorian Era, and in the course of what is fondly believed to be criticism much nonsense has been propounded. For the critics themselves are Victorian by birth and early environment and education. And so is everybody of any note in contemporary life. Even the youngest of novelists, such as Mr. Beverley Nichols and Mr. Alec Waugh, were born prior to the golden year of 1901, which the Anti-Victorians no doubt celebrate as the end of the Great Purgatory. The Anti-Victorians find it convenient to forget that Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, and all the other pioneers, or so-called 'decadents of the Nineties,' were entirely Victorian, however hard they strove to create a new earth — and a new hell. Most of them died before the Queen. In the same connection, it may be pointed out that Mr. Thomas Hardy had completed his great series of humanistic novels six years before the end of the despised era.

Consequently, it is pleasant — at any rate to the present writer, who is content to label himself a Victorian — to find one of the most modern of the younger school of novelists proclaiming admiration of several secondary writers of the wretched Victorian Age. Mr. Michael Sadleir is the clever author of *Privilege*, and in his latest book he expresses the pleasure he has found in the work of Trollope, Disraeli, Wilkie Collins, Marryat, Charles Reade, Herman Melville, Whyte-Melville, and Mrs. Gaskell. Mr. Sadleir, in his excellent Preface, tells how he came to an appreciation of these writers after riotous intercourse with the Symbolists, the Gaelic Mystics, the Realists, the Neo-Barbarists, the Cubists, and all the rest. He says: 'We prodigals, returned from our rioting and sick with the husks of a *démodé* violence, stoop to any self-abasement, to any denial of our own past judgment, so we be allowed entry to the quiet courts and ordered opulence of the age we once affected to despise.'

This will be a sad blow to the Anti-Victorians. Mr. Sadleir furnishes very useful and complete bibliographies of the first editions of his eight exemplars. He admires the work of Trollope most, and this leads him to be a trifle unfair to Wilkie Collins, who, he asserts, as an artist must not be mentioned in the same chapter as Trollope. Nevertheless, Wilkie Collins was a great narrative artist, and one of the best story-tellers of all time. He created real living characters, and his readers will not agree with Mr. Sadleir's statement that Count Fosco and Miss Gwilt are puppets or marionettes. Mr. Sadleir ought to have noted in the bibliography of Collins that the *Woman in White* first appeared serially in *All the Year Round*, November 1859 to August 1860, and Dickens's delight with the story resulted in Wilkie Collins's *No Name* and the *Moonstone* making their first appearance in the same magazine during 1862 and 1868.

In the bibliography of Captain Marryat, Mr. Sadleir has included the *Privateer's Man*. It may be stated that the first part of the story was the actual autobiography of Captain Robinson Elsdale. His manuscript was sent by Harrison Ainsworth to Marryat with a request to edit it for the *New Monthly Magazine*. Marryat did so, and continued the story with different adventures of his own fancy.

A Life of William Shakespeare, by Sir Sidney Lee. Third edition. London: John Murray. 15*s.*

[*Times*]

NOT *a* Life, surely, but by now *the* Life of William Shakespeare. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the first edition of Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* was published; and since then he has steadily kept it revised, incorporating in it all the discoveries made and modifying it till it expressed his own conclusions from all the new theories advanced. In November 1915, came the first edition of the revised version. The third edition of that revised version is just out.

The new edition contains a little new matter and a few corrections in the body of the book; but its distinctive feature is the new Preface. Sir Sidney here notes the discovery of the Salusbury poem to Heming and Condell; and passes thence to the *Sir Thomas More* manuscript. It is characteristic of his rectitude and his caution to hold that Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's claim is not proved. No one would be gladder than Sir Sidney Lee to know that there were pages of a play in Shakespeare's authenticated handwriting; but he turns from the lure. He turns also from the Wyndham-Simpson-Pollard theory of punctuation; and though his argument may not be impeccable, it is but another proof of his caution.

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Through Yorkshire, by Gordon Home. London: Dent. 1922. 2*s*.

[*Times*]

MR. HOME has packed into less than two hundred small pages a great deal of information about the beautiful and interesting places of Yorkshire.

He has endeavored 'to indicate where romance and beauty may be found, where associations with literature and great events of history are enshrined, and where the great solitudes of heathery moorland and grassy fell call to the jaded town-dweller.'

And a very delightful journey Mr. Home takes us. In the small space at his disposal it is not possible to do more than indicate the interesting and beautiful things to be met with on the way. Noble churches, ruined abbeys, Roman and Saxon remains, ancient sundials and baptismal fonts, mermen, witches, 'hobs,' and dragons ('worms' they called them in these parts), memories of De Roos and De Brus, of Lacy and Percy, and many another Norman lord, ravages of the sea and bombardment by the foe from Paul Jones to the Germans. And in the background the wolds and the dales; 'the rugged fells, the noble rivers and waterfalls, and the romantic castles and abbeys.'

My Moorland Patients, by Dr. R. W. S. Bishop. London: John Murray. 1922. 12*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

PROBABLY the type of country practice of which so charming a picture is presented in this posthumous volume has been less changed than most by the advent of the telephone and the motor car. Scattered among the Yorkshire dales and ghylls, the foothills of the Pennines, and the upper moorlands of Derbyshire, there are still farmsteads and cottages unapproachable save on foot or horseback, and the physician whose lot it is permanently to attend them must needs be well hardened to wind and weather. In the earlier days described by Dr. Bishop, the physical handicaps of such a practice were of course greater, and in spite of a local reputation for second sight, either inherent or developed, whereby he could find his way under almost any conditions, there were many occasions on which, by inches only, he escaped disaster by bog or precipice. For three or four days at a time, he tells us, he was literally unable to answer the calls of distant patients, owing to snowdrifts that not all his courage and skill could overcome, and his pages are rich with the human characters shaped under these circumstances of stress and solitude.

Viewly, obstracklous, or merely shaffletoppin'—in the moorland Doric he loved so well — each emerges lit with the same keen and tender and tolerant insight. Particularly interesting to every north-countryman will be his account, for instance, of Peter Thirkill — that prince of the rare and difficult art of building 'dry walls' of the local stone. A man of but two books, he had a passion for bestowing upon his children names beginning with A, and Albert, Anthony, Alfred, Arthur, Asa, Alberta, Alvira, Alviretta, and Alvirina — all patients of Dr. Bishop — became a formidable moorland tribe.

Folklore, philology, and sport of all kinds have each in turn been Dr. Bishop's debtors, and there can have been few invented dramas more deeply moving — or so mordant in their revelation of character — than that so simply told here in the few pages devoted to the story of Hester.

To lovers of the dales, but no less to lovers of all distant and hardly tamed places, this book will come brimmed with the good things not to be found in cities. And not the least of its treasures will be the self-revelation, perhaps the more complete because so obviously unintended, of one of those all-weathers, all-the-year-round, ultimately responsible general practitioners who are still, even in these days of specialism, the finest flower of their profession.

Il Padrone sono me, by Alfredo Panzini. Milan: Trèves. 1922.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

ALFREDO PANZINI, once a humanist and a humorist, has developed a sharper wit since the Armistice. The period after the war is odious in his eyes. He cannot endure Bolshevism, or feminism, or the new rich of city or country. The social satire in his last works, especially in *Signorine*, stories of the modern young girl, is lacking in the detachment and the light touch essential to books of this kind. The pessimism was too apparent there. If *Il Padrone sono me* is not one of the best books that Panzini has written, at least what is there is very elegantly wrought. The simplicity of the style, which is sometimes a little vulgar, — purposely so, since a peasant is telling the story in the first person, — is by no means lacking in charm.

By reason of the war, a farmer's son becomes owner of the farm and the villa and the lands of those who were masters before 1914. The overturning of values, the transformation of the ownership of rural lands, the enrichment of the peasants, the stupidity of bourgeois owners — these are the chief themes. The foreign reader will find in this book a curious, and in several respects a highly unexpected, study of Italy during and after the war.

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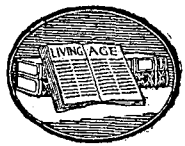

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